

THE ESSAYES OF
A PRENTISE, IN THE
DIVINE ART OF
POESIE.



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CVM PRIVILEGIO
REGALI.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE
workis heirin conteined.

The xvii Sonnets of Invocation to the Goddess.

The Vranie or heauenly Muse translated.

*The Metaphoricall Inuention of a Tragedie, callis
Phœnix.*

A Paraphrastical translation out of the Poëte Lucane.

A treatise of the airt of Scottis Poësie.

*The C IIII. Psalme of David, translated out of
Tremellius.*

A Poeme of Tyme.



If Martiall deeds, and practise of the pen
Haue wonne to auncient *Grece* a worthie fame:
If Battels bold, and Bookes of learned men
Haue magnified the mightie *Romain* name:
Then place this Prince, who well deserues the same:
Since he is one of *Mars* and *Pallas* race:
For both the *Goddes* in him haue sett in frame
Their vertewes both, which both, he doth embrace.
O *Macedon*, adornde with heauenly grace,
O *Romain* stout, decorde with learned skill,
The Monarks all to thee shall quite their place:
Thy endles fame shall all the world fulfill.
And after thee, none worthier shalbe seene,
To sway the *Svvord*, and gaine the *Laurell* greene.

T. H.

* ij

SONNET.

THE glorious *Grekis* in stately style do blaise
The lawde, the conquerour gaue their *Homer* olde:
The verses *Cesar* song in *Maroes* praise,
The *Romanis* in remembrance depe haue rolde.
Ye *Thespian Nymphes*, that suppe the *Nectar* colde,
That from *Parnassis* forked topp doth fall,
What *Alexander* or *Augustus* bolde,
May sound his fame, whose vertewes pass them all?
O *Phæbus*, for thy help, heir might I call,
And on *Minerue*, and *Maias* learned sonne:
But since I know, none was, none is, nor shall,
Can rightly ring the fame that he hath wonne,
Then stay your trauels, lay your pennis adowne,
For *Cesars* works, shall iustly *Cesar* crowne.

R. H.

SONNET.

The mightie Father of the *Muses* nyne
Who mounted thame vpon *Parnassus* hill,
Where *Phæbus* faire amidd these *Sisters* syne
With learned tounge satte teaching euer still,
Of late yon God declared his woundrous will,
That *Uranie* should teach this Prince most rate:
Syne she informed her scholler with such skill,
None could with him in Poesie compaire.
Lo, heir the fructis, *Nymphe*, of thy foster faire,
Lo heir (ô noble *Joue*) thy will is done,
Her charge compleit, as deid doth now declaire.
This work will witnesse, she obeyed the sone.
O *Phæbus* then reioyce with glauncing glore,
Since that a King doth all thy court decore.

M. VV.

* iii

SONNET.

VV Hen as my minde exemed was from caire,
Among the *Nymphis* my self I did repose:
Where I gaue eare to one, who did prepaire
Her sugred voice this sequell to disclose.
Conveine your selfs (ô sisters) doe not lose
This passing tyme which hasteth fast away:
And yow who wrytes in stately verse and prose,
This glorious Kings immortall gloire display.
Tell how he doeth in tender yearis essay
Aboue his age with skill our arts to blaise.
Tell how he doeth with gratitude repay
The crowne he wan for his deserued praise.
Tell how of *loue*, of *Mars*, but more of *God*
The gloire and grace he hath proclaimed abrod.

M. W. F.

SONNET.

CAN goldin *Titan* shynning bright at morne
For light of *Torchis*, cast ane greater shaw?
Can *Thunder* reard the heicher for a horne?
Craks *Cannons* louder, thoght ane *Cok* sould craw?
Can our weake breath help *Boreas* for to blaw?
Can *Candill* lowe giue fyre a greater heit?
Can quhytest *Svvans* more quhyter mak the *Snowe*?
Can *Virgins* teares augment the *Winters* weit?
Helps piping *Pan Apollos* Musique sweit?
Can *Fountainis* small the *Ocean sea* increse?
No, they augment the greater nocht a quheit:
Bot they them selues appears to grow the leſſe.
So (worthy Prince) thy works fall mak the knawin.
Ours helps not thyne: we ſteynzie bot our awin.

* iiii A. M.

De huius Libri Auctore, Herculio
Rolloci coniectura.

Visquis es, entheus hic exit quo Auctore libellus,
(Nam liber Auctorem conticet ipse suum)
Dum quoniam ingenio medi:or, genioque subactus,
Majora humanis viribus ista canas:
Teque adeo quis sis expendo: aut Diuus es, inquam,
Aut a Diuum aliquis sorte secundus homo.
Nil sed habet simile aut Diuus, aut terra secundum:
Quanquam illis Reges proximus ornat honos.
Aut opus hoc igitur humano semine nati
Nullius, aut hoc sic Regis oportet opus.

ACROSTICHON.

I Nsigne Auctoris vetuit prefigere nomen
A uctoris cuncta pectus vacuum ambitione.
C uius praeclaras laudes, heroica facta,
O mnigenasq; animi dotes, & pectora verè
B elligera, exornas cœlestis gratia Muse.
V era ista omnino est virtus, virtuteq; major
S ublimis regnat generoso in pectore Christus.
S cottia fortunata nimis, bona si tua nosse
E X imij vatis, plectrum qui pollice docto
T emperat, & Musas regalem inducit in aulam:
V icturus post fata diu: Nam fama superstes
S emper erit, semper florbit gloria vasis.

Pa. Ad. Ep. Sanct.

A

EIVSDEM AD LECTOREM
;
EPIGRAMMA.

Si queras quis sit tam compti carminis auctor,
Auctorem audebis Musa negare tuum?
Ille quidem vetuit, cui te parere necesse est:
Quis tantum in Diwas obtinet imperium?
Cui parent Musae, Phœbus quo vate superbit,
Et capiti demit laurea sesta suo.
Cui lauri, & sceptri primi debentur honores,
Cui multa cingit laude tyara caput.
Quo duce spes certa est diuisis orbe Britannis,
Haud diuisa iterum regna futura duo.
Progenies Regum, Regnorumq; unicus heres,
Scilicet obscurus delituisse potest!





A N E Q V A D R A I N O F
ALEXANDRIN VERSE.

I Mmortall Gods, sen I with pen and Poets airt
So willingly hes servde you, though my s kill be small,
I pray then euerie one of you to help his pairt,
In graunting this my sute, which after follow shall.

SONNET. 1.

FIRST *lone*, as greatest God aboue the rest,
Graunt thou to me a paire of my desyre:
That when in verle of thee I wryte my best,
This onely thing I earnestly requyre,
That thou my veine Poetique so inspyre,
As they may swirlie think, all that it reid,
When I descryue thy might and thundring fyre,
That they do see thy self in verie deid
From heauen thy greatest *Thunders* for to leid,
And syne vpon the *Gyants* heads to fall:
Or cumming to thy *Semele* with speid
In *Thunders* least, at her request and call:
Orthrowing *Phaethon* downe from heauen to eard,
With threatening thunders, making mostrous reard.

SONNET. 2.

A *pollo* nixt, assist me in a parte,
Sen vnto *loue* thou secound art in might,
That when I do descryue thy shyning *Carte*,
The Readers may esteme it in their sight.
And graunt me als, thou worlds ô onely light,
That when I lyke for subiect to deuyse
To wryte, how as before thy countenaunce bright
The yeares do stand, with seasons dowble twyse,
That so I may descryue the verie guyse
Thus by thy help, of yeares wherein we liue:
As Readers syne may say, heir surely lyes,
Of seasons fowre, the glasse and picture viue.
Grant als, that so I may my verses warpe,
As thou may play them syne vpon thy Harpe.

A. iiiij.

SONNET. 3.

AND first, ô *Phæbus*, when I do descriue
The *Springtyme* sproutar of the herbes and flowris,
Whome with in rank none of the foure do striue,
But nearest thee do stande all tymes and howris:
Graunt Readers may esteme, they sie the showris,
Whose balmie dropps so softlie dois distell,
Which watrie cloudds in mesure suche downe powris,
As makis the herbis, and verie earth to smell
With sauours sweet, fra tym that onis thy sell
The vapouris softlie sowkis with smyling cheare,
VWhilks syne in cloudds are keiped clos and well,
VWhill vehement *Winter* come in tyme of yeare.
Graunt, when I lyke the *Springtyme* to displaye,
That Readers think they sie the Spring alwaye.

SONNET. 4

AND graunt I may so viuely put in verse
The *Sommer*, when I lyke theirof to treat:
As when in writ I do theirof reherse,
Let Readers think they fele the burning heat,
And graithly see the earth, for lacke of weit,
With withering drouth and Sunne so gaigged all,
As for the grasse on feild, the dust in streit
Doth ryse and flee aloft, long or it fall.
Yea, let them think, they heare the song and call,
Whiche *Floras* wingde musicians maks to sound.
And that to taste, and smell, belue they shall
Delicious fruictis, whilks in that tyme abound.
And shortly, all their senses so bereaued,
As eyes and caris, and all may be deceaued.

B

SONNET. 5.

OR when I lyke my pen for to employ
Of fertile *Harvest* in the description trew:
Let Readers think, they instantly conuoy
The busie shearers for to reap their dew,
By cutting rypest cornes with hookes anew:
Whiche cornes their heauy heads did downward bow,
Els seking earth againe, from whence they grew,
And vnto *Ceres* do their seruice vow.
Let Readers also surely think and trow,
They see the painfull *Vigneron* pull the grapes:
First trampling them, and after pressing now
The grenest clusters gathered into heapes.
Let then the *Harvest* so viue to them appeare,
As if they saw both cornes and clustersnearc.

SONNET. 6.

B V T let them think, in verie deid they feill,
When as I do the *Winters* stormes vnfolde,
The bitter frosts, which waters dois congeill
In *Winter* season, by a pearsing colde.
And that they heare the whiddering *Boreas* bolde,
With hiddeous hurling, rolling Rocks from hic.
Or let them think, they see god *Saturne* olde,
Whose hoarie haire owercouering earth, maks flic
The lytle birds in flocks, fra tyme they see
The earth and all with stormes of snow owerclad:
Yea let them think, they heare the birds that die,
Make piteous mone, that *Saturnes* hairis are spred.
Apollo, graunt thir foirsaid suitis of myne,
All fyue I say, that thou may crowne me fyne.

B ii.

SONNET. 7.

AND when I do descriue the *Oceans* force,
Graunt syne, ô *Neptune*, god of seas profound,
That readars think on leebord, and on dworce,
And how the Seas owerflowed this massiue round:
Yea, let them think, they heare a stormy sound,
Which threatnis wind, and darknes come at hand:
And water in their shipps syne to abound,
By weltring waues, lyke hyest towres on land.
Then let them thinke their shipp now low on sand,
Now climmes & skippes to top of rageing seas,
Now downe to hell, when shippmen may not stand,
But lifts their hands to pray thee for some eas.

Syne let them think thy *Trident* doth it calme,
Which maks it cleare and smothe lyke glas or alme.

SONNET. 8.

AND graunt the lyke when as the swimming sort
Of all thy subiects ikaled I list declare:
As *Triton* monster with a manly port,
Who drownd the *Troyan* trumpetour most raire:
As *Marmaids* wyse, who wepis in wether faire:
And inarvelous *Monkis*, I meane *Monkis* of the see.
Bot what of monsters, when I looke and staire
On wounderous heapes of subiectis scruiing the?
As whailes so huge, and *Sea eylis* rare, that be
Myle longs, in crawling cruijis of sixtie pace:
And *Daulphins*, *Seahorse*, *Selchs* with oxin ee,
And *Mersuwynis*, *Pertrikis* als of fishes race.
In short, no fowle doth flie, nor beast doth go,
But thow hast fishes lyke to them and mo.

B iij

SONNET. 9.

O dreidfull *Pluto*, brother thrid to *Ioue*,
With *Proserpin*, thy wife, the quene of hell:
My sute to yow is, when I like to loauie
The ioyes that do in *Elise* field excell:
Or when I like great *Tragedies* to tell:
Or flyte, or murne my *fate*: or wryte with feare
The plagues ye do send furth with *Dira* fell.
Let Readers think, that both they see and heare
Alecto, threatening *Turnus* sister deare:
And heare *Celaenos* wings, with *Harpyes* all:
And see dog *Cerberus* rage with hiddeous beare,
And all that did *Aeneas* once befall.
When as he past throw all those dungeons dim,
The foresaid feilds syne visited by him.

SONNET. 15.

O Furious *Mars*, thow warlyke souldicur bold,
And hardy *Pallas*, goddess stout and graue:
Let Reidars think, when combats manyfold
I do descriue, they see two champions braue,
With armes huge approaching to resaue
Thy will, with cloudds of dust into the air.
Syne Phifers, Drumes, and Trumpets cleir do craue
The pelmell chok with larum loude alwhair,
Then nothing hard but gunnis, and ratling fair
Of speares, and clincking swords with glaunce so cleir,
As if they foght in skyes, then wrangles thair
Men killd, vnkilld, whill *Parcas* breath reteir.
There lyes the venquisht wailing sore his chaunce:
Here lyes the victor, rewing els the daunce.

B iiiij

SONNET. II.

And at your handis I earnestly do craue,
O facound *Mercure*, with the *Muses* nyne,
That for conducting guyde I may you haue,
Aswell vnto my pen, as my Ingyn.
Let Readers think, thy eloquence deuyne
O *Mercure*, in my Poems doth appeare:
And that *Parnassis* flowing fountaine fyne
Into my works doth shyne lyke cristall cleare.
O *Muses*, let them think that they do heare
Your voyces all into my verse resound.
And that your vertewis singuler and seir
May wholly all in them be also found.
Of all that may the perfyte Poems make,
I pray you let my verses haue no lake.

SONNET. 12.

IN short, you all forenamed gods I pray
For to concur with one accord and will,
That all my works may perfyte be alway:
Which if ye doc, then sweate I for to fill
My works immortall with your praises still:
I shall your names eternall euer sing,
I shall tread downe the grasse on *Parnass* hill
By making with your names the world to ring:
I shall your names from all obliuion bring.
I lofty *Virgill* shall to life restoir,
My subiects all shalbe of heauenly thing,
How to delate the gods immortals gloir.
Essay me once, and if ye find me swerue,
Then thinke, I do not graces such deserue.

F I N I S.

C.





II



***THE. VRANIE**
translated.







* To the favorable
Reader.

Having oft revolued, and red ouer (fa-
vorable Reader) the booke and Po-
ems of the deuine and Illuster Poete,
Salust du Bartas, I was moued by the
oft reading & perusing of them, with
a restles and lofty desire, to preas to at-
taine to the like vertue. But sen (a-
las) God, by nature hath refusid me the like lofty and
quick ingyne, and that my dull *Muse*, age, and Fortune,
had refusid me the lyke skill and learning, I was con-
strained to haue refuge to the secound, which was, to doe
what lay in me, to set forth his praise, sen I could not me-
rite the lyke my self. Which I thought, I could not do so
well, as by publishing some worke of his, to this yle of
Brittain (swarming full of quick ingynes,) aswell as they
ar made manifest already to France. But knowing my self
to vnskilfull and grosse, to traſlate any of his heauenly &
learned works, I almost left it of, and was ashamed of that
opinion also. Whill at the last, preferring foolhardi-
nes and a good intention, to an vter dispaire and sleuth,
I resolued vnatudysedly to assay the translating in my lan-
guage of the easiest and shortest of all his difficile, and

C. iij.

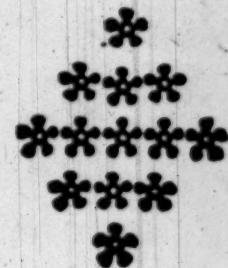
The Preface.

prolixed Poems: to wit, the *Uranie* or heauenlye Muse, which, albeit it be not well translated, yet hope I, ye will excuse me (fauorable Reader) Ien I neither ordained it, nor auowes it for a iust translation: but onely set it forth, to the end, that, albeit the Prouerb saith, that foolhardines proceeds of ignorance, yet some quick sprited man of this yle, borne vnder the same, or as happie a Planet, as *Du Bartas* was, might by the reading of it, bee moued to translate it well, and best, where I haue bothe cuill, and worst broyled it.

For that cause, I haue put in, the French on the one side of the leif, and my blocking on the other: noght thereby to giue proofe of my iust translating, but by the contrair, to let appeare more plainly to the foresaid reader, wherin I haue erred, to the effect, that with lesse difficulty he may escape those snares wherin I haue fallen. I must also desire you to bear with it, albeit it be replete with innumerable and intolerable faultes: sic as, Ryming in tearmes, and dyuers others, whilkis ar forbidden in my owne treatise of the Art of Poësie, in the hinder end of this booke, I must, I say, praye you for to appardon mee, for three causes. First, because that translations are limitat, and restraint in somethings, more then free inuentionis are, Therefore reasoun would, that it had more libertie in others. Secoundlie, because I made noght my treatise of that intention, that cyther I, or any others behoued astricktly to follow it: but that onely it shoulde shew the perfection of Poësie, whereunto fewe or none can attaine

The Preface.

attaine. Thirdlye, because, that (as I shewe alreadye) I avow it not for a iust translation . Befydes that I haue but ten feete in my lyne, where he hath twelue, and yet translates him lyne by lyne. Thus not doubting, fauorable Reader , but you will accept my intention and trauellis in good parte, (sen I requyre no farder,) I bid you faire well.





L'VRANIE, OV MVSE CELESTE.

In' estoys point encor en l' Auri de mon aage,
Qu'un desir d'affranchir mon renom du trespass,
Chagrin, me faisoit perdre & repos, & repas,
Par le braue proiet de maint sçauant ouurage.

Mais comme un pelerin, qui sur le tard, rencontre
Un fourchu carrefour, douteux, s'arreste court:
Et d'esprit, non des pieds, de çà de là discourt,
Par les diuers chemins, que la Lune luy monstre.

Parmi tant de sentiers qui, fleuris, se vont rendre
Sur le mont, où Phæbus guerdomme les beaux vers
De l'honneur immortel des lauriers tout-iour verds,
Je demeuroy confus, ne sçachant lequel prendre.

Tantost i' entreprenoy d'orner la Grecque Scene
D'un vescement François. Tantost dun vers plus haut,
Hardi, i' ensanglantoy le François eschafaut
Des Tyrans d'Ilion, de Thebes, de Mycene.

Ie consacroy tantost à l'Aonide bande
L'Histoire des François: & ma saincte fureur
Desmentant à bon droit la trop commune erreur,
Faisoit le Mein Gaulois, non la Seine Alemande.

Tantost ie desseignoy d'une plume flatouse
Le los non merité des Rois & grands Seigneurs:

Et



THE VRANIE, OR HEA- VENLY MVSE.

SCarce was I yet in springtyme of my years,
When greening great for fame aboue my peers
Did make me lose my wonted chere and rest,
Essaying learned works with curious brest.
But as the *Pilgrim*, who for lack of light,
Cumd on the parting of two wayes at night,
He stayes assone, and in his mynde doeth cast,
What way to take while Moonlight yet doth last.
So I amongst the paths vpon that hill,
Where *Phæbus* crowns all verses euer still
Of endles praise, with *Laurers* always grene,
Did stay confusde, in doubt what way to mene.
I whyles essaide the *Grece* in Frenche to praise,
Whyles in that young I gaue a lusty glaife
For to descryue the *Troian* Kings of olde,
And them that *Thebes* and *Mycens* crowns did holde.
And whiles I had the storye of Fraunce elected,
Which to the Muses I shuld haue directed:
My holy furie with consent of nane,
Made frenche the *Mein*, and nowyle dutche the *Sein*.
Whiles thought I to set foorth with flaturing pen:
The praise yntrewe of Kings and noble men,

D.

L'VRANIE.

Et, pour me voir bientost riche d'or, & d'honneurs,
D'un cœur bas ie rendoy mercenaire ma Muse.

Et tandis ie vouloy chanter le fils volage
De la molle Cypris, & le mal doux-amer,
Que les plus beaux esprits souffrent pour trop aimer,
Discours, où me pousoit ma nature, & mon aage.

Or tandis qu'inconstant ie ne me puis resoudre,
De ça, de là poussé d'un vent ambitieux,
Vne sainte beauté se présente à mes yeux,
Fille, comme ie croy, du grand Dieu lance-foudre.

Sa face est angelique, angelique son geste,
Son discours tout divin, & tout parfait son corps:
Et sa bouche à neuf-voix imite en ses accords
Le son harmonieux de la dance celeste.

Son chef est honoré d'une riche couronne
Faite à sept plis, glissans d'un divers mouuement,
Sur chacun de ses plis se tourne obliquement
Ie ne sçay quel rondeau, qui sur nos chefs raionne.

Le premier est de plomb, & d'estain le deuxiesme,
Le troisiesme d'acier, le quart d'or jaunissant,
Le quint est composé d'électre pallissant,
Le suyuant de Mercure, & d'argent le septiesme.

Son corps est affublé d'une mante azurée,
Semée haut & bas d'un million de feux,
Qui d'un bel art sans art distinctement confus,
Decorent de leurs rais cette beauté sacrée.

Icy luit le grand Char, icy flambe la Lyre,
Icy la Poussiniere, icy les clairs Bessons,

Icy

THE V R A N I E.

And that I might both golde and horcurs haue,
With courage basse I made my Muse a slauie.
And whyles I thought to sing the fickle boy
Of Cypris soft, and loues to swete annoy,
To lofty sprits that are therewith made blynd,
To which discours my nature and age inclynd.
But whill I was in doubt what way to go,
With wind ambitious tossed to and fro:
A holy beuty did to mee appeare,
The *Thundres* daughter seeming as she weare.
Her porte was Angellike with Angels face,
With comely shape and toun of heauenly grace:
Her nynevoed mouth resembled into sound
The daunce harmonious making heauen reound.
Her head was honorde with a costly crown,
Scuinfole and round, to dyuers motions boun:
On cuery folde I know not what doth glance,
Aboue our heads into a circuler dance.
The first it is of Lead, of Tin the nixt,
The third of Steele, the fourth of Golde vnmixt,
The fyfth is made of pale Electric light,
The sixt of Mercure, scuint of Siluer bright.
Her corps is couured with an Asure gowne,
Where thousand fires ar sowne both vp and downe:
Whilks with an arte, but arte, confusde in order.
Dois with their beames decore thereof the border.
Heir shynes the Charlewain, there the Harp giues light,
And heir the Seamans starres, and there Twinnis bright,

The seuen
Planets.

Firmament
Fixed
Starres.

L'VRANIE.

Icy le Trebuschet, icy les deux Poissons,
Et mille autres brandons que je ne puis descrire.

Je suis [dit elle alors] ceste docte V R A N I E,
Qui sur les gonds astrez transporte les humains,
Faisant voir à leurs yeux, & toucher à leurs mains,
Ce que la Cour celeste & contemple & manie.

Le quinte-essence l'ame: & fay que le Poete
Se surmontant soy mesme, enfonce vn haut discours,
Qui, diuin, par l'oreille attire les plus sourds,
Anime les rochers, & les fleuves arreste.

Agreable est le son de mes doctes germaines:
Mais leur gosier, qui peut terre & ciel enchanter,
Ne me cede pas moins en l'art de bien chanter,
Qu'au Rossignol l'Oison, les Pies aux Syrenes.

Pren moy doncques pour guide: estue au ciel ton aise
Saluste, chante moy du Tout-puissant l'honneur,
Et remontant le luth du Iessean sonneur,
Courageux, brosse apres la couronne eternelle.

Je ne puis d'un oeil sec, voir mes sœurs maquerelles,
Des amoreuz François, dont les mignards escrits
Sont pleins de feints soupirs, de feints pleurs, de feints cris,
D'impudiques discours, & de vaines querelles.

Je ne puis d'un oeil sec voir que l'on mette en vente,
Nos diuines chansons: & que d'un flateur vers,
Pour gaigner la faueur des Princes plus peruers,
Vn Commodo, vn Neron, vn Caligule on vante.

Mais, sur tout, je ne puis sans soupirs & sans larmes
Voir les vers employez contre l'autheur des vers:

Ie

THE V R A N I E.

And heir the Ballance, there the Fishes twaine,
With thousand other fyres, that pas my braine.
I am said she, that learned V R A N I E,
That to the Starres transports humanitie,
And maks men see and twiche with hands and eie
It that the heauenly court contemplating bene.
I quint-essence the Poets soule so well,
While he in high discours excede him self,
Who by the eare the deafest doeth allure,
Reuiues the rocks, and stayes the floods for sure.
The tone is pleasaunt of my * sisters deir:
Yet though their throts make heauen and earth admire,
They yeld to me no lesse in singing well,
Then Pye to Syrainc, goose to Nightingell.
Take me for guyde, lyft vp to heauen thy wing
O Salust, Gods immortals honour sing:
And bending higher *David's* Lute in tone,
With courage seke yon endles crowne abone.
I nowais can, vnwet my cheekes, beholde
My sisters made by Frenchemen macquerels olde,
Whose mignarde writts, but faynd lamenting vaine,
And fayned teares and shameles tales retaine.
But weping neither can I see them spyte
Our heauenly verse, when they do nothing wryte,
But Princes flattry that ar tyrants rather
Then Nero, *Commodo*, or *Caligule* ather.
But specially but sobbes I never shall
Se verse bestowde against him made verses all,

Nyne
Muses.

I can

L'VRANIE.

Je ne puis voir battu le Roy de l'uniuers
De ses propres soldats, & de ses propres armes.

L'homme a les yeux sillez de nults Cimmeriennes,
Et s'il a quelque bien, tant soit peu precieux,
Par differentes mains il l'a receu des cieux:
Mais Dieu seul nous apprend les chansons Delphiennes.

Tout art s'apprend par art: la seule Poesie
Est un pur don celeste & nul ne peut goustier
Le miel, que nous faisons de l'inde degoutter
Sil n'a d'un sacre feu la poitrine fassie.

De ceste source vient que maints grands personnages
Consommez en sçauoir, voire en prose diserts,
Se trauaillent en vain à composer des vers:
Et qu'un icune apprenti fait de plus beaux ouurages.

De là vient que iadis le chantre Meonide,
Combien que mendiant, & sans maistre, & sans yeux,
A vaincu par ses vers les nouveaux, & les vieux,
Chantant si bien Vlysse, & le preux Aeacide.

De là vient qu'un Nason ne peut parler en prose,
De là vient que David meschants si tost aprit,
De pasteur fait Poète, & que maint ieune esprit
Ne sçachant point nostre art, suyuant nostre art compose.

Recherche nuict & iour les ondes Castalides:
Regrimpe nuict & iour contre le roc Besson:
Sois disciple d'Homere, & du saint nourrisson
D'Ande, l'heureux sejour des vierges Pierides.

Listant que tu voudras, volume apres volume,
Les liures de Pergame, & de la grande cité,

Qui

THE V R A N I E.

I can not see his proper soldiers ding
With his owne armes him that of all is King.
Mans eyes are blinded with *Cimmerien* night:
And haue he any good, beit neuert so light,
From heauen, by mediat moyens, he it reaches,
Bot only God the *Delphiens* songs vs teaches.
All art is learned by art, this art alone
It is a heauenly gift: no flesh nor bone
Can preif the honnie we from *Pinde* distill,
Except with holy fyre his breest we fill.
From that spring flowes, that men of speciall chose,
Consumde in leatning, and perfyte in prose,
For to make verse in vane dois trauell take,
When as a prentise fairer works will make.
That made that *Homer*, who a songster beac,
Albeit a begger, lacking master, and ene,
Exceeded in his verse both new and olde,
In singing *Vliß* and *Achilles* bolde.
That made that *Naso* noght could speak but verse,
That *Dauid* made my songs so sonereherse,
Of pastor Poët made, yea yongmen whyles
Vnknowing our art, yet by our art compyles.
Seke night and day *Castalias* waltring waas,
Climme day and night the twinrocks of *Parnaas*:
Be *Homers* skoller, and his, was borne in *Ande*,
The happie dwelling place of all our bande.
How oft thou lykes reid ouer booke efter booke,
The bookes of *Troy*, and of that towne which tooke

D. iiiij.

Virgill

LVRANIE.

Qui du nom d'Alexandre a son nom emprunté:
Exerce incessamment & ta langue, & ta plume.

Jointant que tu voudras pour un carme bien faire
L'obscure nuit au iour, & le iour à la nuit,
Si ne pourras tu point cueillir un digne fruit
D'un si fascheux trauail, si Pallas t'est contraire.

Car du tout hors de l'homme il fault que l'homme sorte,
Si l'veut faire des vers qui facent teste aux ans:
Il fault qu'entre nos mains il sequestre ses sens:
Il fault qu'un saint ecstase au plus haut ciel l'emporte.

D'autant que tout ainsi que la fureur humaine
Rend l'homme moins qu'humain: la diuine fureur
Rend l'homme plus grand qu'homme: & d'une sainte erreur
Sur le ciel porte-feux à son gré le promeine.

C'est d'un si sacré lieu que les diuins poëtes
Nous apportent ça bas de si doctes propos,
Et des vers non sujets au pouvoir d'Atropos,
Truchemens de Nature, & du Ciel interprètes.

Les vrais Poëtes sont tels que la cornemuse,
Qui pleine de vent sonne, & vuide perd le son:
Car leur fureur durant, dure aussi leur chanson:
Et si la fureur cesse, aussi cesse leur Muse.

Puis d'oques que les vers ont au ciel pris naissance,
Esprits vrayment diuins, aurez vous bien le cœur
De prononcer un vers & profane, & moqueur
Contre cil, qui conduit des cieux astrez la danse?

Serez vous tant ingrats, que de rendre vos plumes
Ministres de la chair, & serues de peché?

TOME

THE VRANIE.

Her name from *Alexander Monark* then,
Exerce but cease thy toungh and eke thy pen.
Yea, if to make good verle thou hes sic cure,
Joyne night to day, and day to night obscure,
Yet shall thou not the worthy frute rcape so
Of all thy paines, if *Pallas* be thy so.
For man from man must wholly parted be,
If with his age, his verle do well agree.
Amongst our hands, he must his witts resing,
A holy trance to highest heauen him bring.
For euen as humane fury maks the man,
Les then the man: So heauenly fury can
Make man pas man, and w ander in holy mist,
Vpon the fyrie heauen to walk at list.
Within that place the heauenly Poëts sought
Their learning, syne to vs heare downe it brought,
With verse that ought to *Atropos* no dewe,
Dame *Naturs* trunchmen, heaucns interprets trewe.
For Poëts right are lyke the pype alway,
Who full doth sound, and empty stayes to play:
Euen so their fury lasting, lasts their tone,
Their fury ceast, their Muse doth stay affone.
Sen verle did then in heauen first bud and blume,
If ye be heauenly, how dar ye presume
A verle prophane, and mocking for to sing
Gainst him that leads of starrie heaucns the ring?
Will ye then so ingrately make your pen,
A slauie to sinne, and serue but fleshly men?

E.

L'VRANIE.

Tout-iour ionques sera vostre style empesché
A remplir, mensongers, de songes vos volumes?

Ferez vous, ô trôpeurs, tout-iour d'un diable un Ange?
Fendrez vous tout-iour l'air de vos amoureux cris?
Hé! n'orra on iamais dans vos doctes escrits
Retenir haut & clair du grand Dieu la louange?

Ne vous suffit il pas de sentir dans vostre ame
Le Cyprien brandon, sans que plus effrontez
Qu'une Lays publique, encor vous euentez
Par le monde abusé vostre impudique flâme?

Ne vous suffit il pas de croupir en delices,
Sans que vous corrompiez, par vos nombres charmeurs,
Du lecteur indiscret les peu-constantes mœurs,
Luy faisant embrasser pour les vertus les vices?

Les tons, nombres, & chants, dont se fait l'harmonie,
Qui rend le vers si beau, ont sur nous tel pouvoir,
Que les plus durs Catons ils peuvent esmouvoir,
Agitant nos esprits d'une douce manie.

Ainsi que le cachet dedans l'aure forme
Presque un autre cachet, le Poete sçauant,
Vasibien dans nos cœurs ses passions grauant,
Que presque l'auditeur en l'autre se transforme.

Car la force des vers, qui secrètement glisse,
Par des secrets conduits, dans nos entendemens,
Y empreint tous les bons & mauvais mouuemens,
Qui sont representez par un docte artifice.

Et c'est pourquoy Platon hors de sa République
Chassoit les escrivains, qui souloient par leurs vers

Rendre

THE V R A N I E.

Shall still your brains be busied then to fill
VV ith dreames, ô dreamers, euery booke and bille
Shall Satan still be God for your behoue?
Still will ye riue the aire with cryes of loue?
And shall there neuer into your works appeare,
The praise of God, resounding loud and cleare?
Suffsis it noght ye feele into your haire
The *Ciprian* torche, vnles more malapairt
Then *Lais* commoun quean, ye blow abrod
But shame, athort the world, your shameles gode
Abusers, stakies it not to lurk in lust,
Without ye smit with charming rōmbers iust
The fickle maners of the reader slight,
In making him embrace, for day, the night?
The harmony of nomber tone and song,
That makes the verse so fair, it is so strong
Ouer vs, as hardest *Catos* it will moue,
With spreits aflought, and sweete transported loue.
For as into the wax the seals imprent
Is lyke a scale, right so the Poët gent,
Doeth graue so viue in vs his passions strānge,
As maks the reader, halfe in author change.
For verles force is sic, that softly slydes
Throw secret poris, and in our sences bydes,
As makes them haue both good and euill imprented,
Which by the learned works is represented.
And therefore *Platos* common wealth did pack
None of these Poëts, who by verse did make

E. ij

LVRANIE.

Rendre meschans les bons, plus peruers les peruers,
Sapans par leurs beaux mots l'honnesteté publique.

Nō ceux qui dans leurs châts marioient les beaux termes
Avec les beaux sujets: ore entonnans le los
Du iuste foudroyeur: ore d'un saint propos,
Seruans aux desuoyez & de guides & d'Hermes.

Profanes escriuains, vostre impudique rime,
Est cause, que l'on met nos chantres mieux-disans
Au rang des basteleurs, des bonfons, des plaisans:
Et qu'encore moins qu'eux le peuple les estime.

Vous faites de Clion une Thais impure:
D'Heloicon un bordeau: vous faites impudens,
Par vos lascifs discours, que les peres prudens
Deffendent à leurs fils des carmes la lecture.

Mais si foulans aux pieds la deité volage,
Qui blece de ces traits vos idolatres cœurs,
Vous vouliez employer vos plus saintes fureurs
A faire voire en France un sacré-saint ouvrage.

Chacun vous priseroit, comme estans secrétaires,
Et ministres sacrez du Roy de l'univers.
Chacun reuereroit comme oracles vos vers:
Et les grands commettroient en vos mains leurs affaires.

La liaison des vers fut iadis inuencée
Seulement pour traitter les mysteres sacrez
Avec plus de respect: & de long temps apres
Par les carmes ne fut autre chose chantee.

Ainsi mon grand David sur la corde tremblante
De son luth tout-aiuın ne sonnerien que Dieu.

Ainsi

THE V R A N I E.

The goodmen euill, and the wicked worse,
Whose pleasaunt words betraied the publick corse.
Not those that in their songs good tearmes alwaise
Ioynd with fair Themis: whyles thūdring out the praise
Of God, iust Thundrer: whyles with holy speache,
Lyke *Hermes* did the way to strayers teache.
Your shameles rymes, are cause, ô Scrybes prophanc,
That in the lyke opinion we remaine
With Iuglers, buffons, and that foolish seames:
Yea les then them, the people of vs esteames.
For *Clio* ye put *Thais* vyle in vre,
For *Helicon* a bordell. Ye procure
By your lasciuious speache, that fathers sage
Defends verse reading, to their yonger age.
But lightleing * yon fleing godhead slight,
Who in Idolatrous breasts his darts hath pight.
If that ye would implore your holy traunce,
To make a holy hallowde woi ke in Fraunce:
Then euery one wolde worthy scribes you call,
And holy seruants to the King of all.
Echone your verse for oracles wolde take,
And great men of their counsell wolde you make.
The verses knitting was found out and tryit,
For singing only holy mysteries by it
With greater grace. And efter that, were pend
Longtyme no verse, but for that only end.
Euen so my *David* on the trembling strings
Of heauenly harps, Gods only prai'c he sings.]

Cupido

E. iij

L'VRANIE.

Ainsi le conducteur de l'exercice Hebreu,
Sauué des rouges flots, le los du grand Dieu chante.

Ainsi Iudith, Delbore, au milieu des gens d'armes,
Ainsi Job, Ieremie, accablez de douleurs,
D'un carme bigarré de cent mille couleurs
Descriuoient saintement leurs joies, & leurs larmes.

Voyla pourquoy Satan, qui fin se transfigure
En Ange de clarté pour nous ensorceler,
Ses prestres & ses dieux faisoit iadis parler,
Non d'une libre language, ains par nombre, & mesure.

Ainsi, sous Apollon la folle Phæmonoe
En hexametres vers ses oracles chantoit:
Et, par douteux propos, cauteleuse affrontoit
Non le Grec seulement, ains l'Ibere, & l'Eoe.

Ainsi l'antique voix en Dodone adorée,
Aesculape, & Ammon en vers prophetizoient,
Les Sibylles en vers le futur predissoient,
Et les prestres prioient en oraison nombrée.

Ainsi Line, Hesiode, & celuy dont la lyre
Oreiloit, comme on dit, les rocs, & les forests,
Oserent autrefois les plus diuins secrets
De leur profond sçauoir en doctes vers escrire.

Vouz qui tant desirez vos fronts de laurier ceindre,
Où pourriez vous trouuer un champ plus spacieux,
Que le los de ccluy qui tient le frein des cieux,
Qui fait trembler les monts, qui fait l'Erebe craindre?

Ce sujet est de vray la Corne d'abondance,
C'est un grand magazin riche en discours faconds,

Cest

THE VRANIE.

Euen so the leader of the *Hebreuu* hoste,
Gods praise did sing vpon the Redsea coste.
So *Judith* and *Delbor* in the soldiers throngs,
So *Iob* and *Jeremie*, preast with woes and wrongs,
Did right descryue their ioyes, their woes and torts,
In variant verse of hundred thousand sorts.
And therefore crafty Sathan, who can seame
An Angell of light, to witch vs in our dreame,
He causde his gods and preests of olde to speake
By number and measure, which they durst not breake.
So fond *Phæmonoe* ynder *Apollos* wing,
Her oracles *Hexameter* did sing:
With doubtsum talk she craftely begylde,
Not only *Grece*, but *Spaine* and *Indes* she sylde.
That olde voce scrude in *Dodon*, spak in verse,
So *AEsculap* did, and so did *Ammon* fearese,
So *Sybills* tolde in verse, what was to come:
The Preests did pray by nombers, all and some.
So *Hesiod*, *Line*, and he * whose Lute they say,
Made rocks and forrests come to heare him play,
Durst well their heauenly secrets all discloes,
In learned verse, that softly slydes and goes.
O ye that wolde your browes with *Laurel* bind,
What larger feild I pray you can you find,
Then is his praise, wh^t a brydles heauens most cleare,
Maks mountaines tremble, and howest hells to feare.
That is a horne of plenty well replet:
That is a storehouse riche, a learning seat.

Orpheus

E. iiiij.

LVRANIE.

C'est un grand Ocean, qui n'a rive, ny fonds,
Un surion immortel de divine eloquence.

L'humble suet ne peut qu'humble discours produire:
Mais le graue suet de soymesme produit
Graues & masles mots: de soymesme il luit,
Et fait le sainct honneur de son chantre reluire.

Or donc si vous vulez apres vos cendres viure,
N'itez Erostrat, qui pour viure, brusla
Le temple Ephesien: ou celuy qui moula,
Pour estendre son nom, un cruel veau de cuire.

Ne vuellez employer vostre rare artifice
A chanter la Cyprine, & son fils emplumé:
Car il vaut beaucoup mieux n'estre point renommé,
Que se voir renommé pour raison de son vice.

Vièrges sont les neuf sœurs, qui dancent sur Parnasse,
Vièrge vostre Pallas: & vièrge ce beau corps
Qui un fleuve vit changer sur les humides bords,
En l'arbre tout-iour vert, qui vos cheueux enlace.

Consacrez moy plustost ceste rare eloquence
A chanter hautement les miracles compris
Dans le sacré fueillet: & de vos beaux esprits
Versez là, mes amis, toute la quinte-essence.

Que Christ, comme Homme-Dieu, soit la troupe iumelle
Sur qui vous sommeillez. Que pour cheual ailé
L'Esprit du Trois-fois grand, d'un blanc pigeon voilé,
Vous face ruiseler une source immortelle.

Tout ouvrage excellent la memoire eternize
De ceux qui tant soit peu travaillent apres lui:

THE V R A N I E.

An Ocean hudge, both lacking shore and ground,
Of heauenly eloquence a spring profound.
From subiects base, a base discours dois spring,
A lofty subiect of it selfe doeth bring
Graue words and weghtie, of it selfe diuine,
And makes the authors holy honour shine.
If ye wolde after ashcs liue, bewaire,
To do lyke *Erostrat*, who brunt the faire
Ephesian temple, or him, to win a name,
*Who built of brasle, the crewell Calfe yntame.

Let not your art so rare then be defylde,
In singing *Venus* and her fethred chylde:
For better it is without renoume to be,
Then be renowmde for vyle iniquitie.
Those nyne are Maides, that daunce vpon *Parnass*?
Learned *Pallas* is a Virgin pure, lyke as
*That fair, whome waters changed on watty banks
Into *that tre still grene, your hair that hanks.
Then consecrat that eloquence most rair,
To sing the lofty miracles and fair
Of holy Scripture: and of your good ingyne,
Poure out, my frends, there y our fist essence fyne.
Let Christ both God and man your Twinrock be,
Whome on ye slepe: for that *hors who did flee,
Speak of that* thryse great spreit, whose dow most white
Mote make your spring flow cuer with delyte.

All excellent worke beare record cuer shall,
Of trauellers in it, though their paines be small.

Ferillus

Daphne

Laurell

Pegasus

Holy
ghost.

F.

L'VRANIE.

Le Mausolee a fait viure ius^s qu au iour d' huy
Timothee, Bryace, & Scope, & Artemise.

Hiram seroit sans nom, sans la sainte assistance
Qu'il fit au bastiment au temple d' Israël.
Et sans l' Arche de Dieu l' Hebrieu Beseleel
Seroit enseveli sous eternel silence.

Et puis que la beauté de ces rares ouvrages
Fait viure apres la mort tous ceux qui les ont faits,
Combien qu' avec le temps les plus seurs soient deffaites
Par rauines, par feux, par guerres, par orages..

Pensez, je vous suppli, combien sera plus belle
La louange, qu'heureux, ça bas vous acquerrez,
Lors que dans vos saints vers DIEU seul vous chanterez
Puis qu'un nom immortel vient de chose immortelle.

Je scay que vous direz que les antiques fables
Sont l'ame de vos chants, que ces contes diuers,
L'un de l'autre naissant, peuvent rendre vos vers
Beaucoup plus que l'histoire au vulgaire admirables.

Mais où peut on trouver choses plus merveilleuses
Que celles de la Foy? hé! quel autre argument
Avec plus de tesmoins nostre raison desment,
Qui rabat plus l'orgueil des ames curieuses?

L'aymeroy mieux chanter la tour Assyrienne,
Que les trois monts Gregeois l'un dessus l'autre entrez
Pour detbrosner du ciel les dieux espouuantez:
Et l'onde de Noé, que la Deucaliennne.

L'aymeroy mieux chanter le changement subite
Du Monarque d' Assur, que de l' Arcadien,

THE VRANIE.

The *Mausole* tombē the names did eternise
Of *Scope*, *Timotheus*, *Briace* and *Artemise*.
But *Hiram*s holy help, it war vnknowne
Whāt he in building *Izraels* Temple had shōwne,
Whithout Gods Ark *Beseleel* Iewe had bene
In euerlasting silence buried clene.
Then, since the bewty of those works most rare
Hath after death made liue all them that ware
Their builders: though them selues with tyme be failde,
By spoils, by fyres, by warres, and tempests quailde.
I pray you think, how mekle fairer shall
Your happie name heirdowne be, when as all
Your holy verſe, great God alone shall sing,
Since praise immortall commes of endles thing.
I know that ye will ſay, the auncient rables
Decores your ſongs, and that *thoſe dyuers fables,
Ilk bred of other, doeth your verſes mak
More loued then ſtoryes by the vulgar pack.
But where can there more wondrouſ things be found,
Then thoſe of faith? o fooles, what other ground,
With witnes mo, our reaſons quytc improues,
Beats doun our pryde, that curious queſtions moues?
I had farr rather *Babell* tower forthſett,
Then the * thre *Grecian* hilles on others plett,
To pull doun gods afraide, and in my moode,
Sing *Noës* rather then *Deucalions* floode.
I had far rather ſing the ſuddaine change
Of *Aſſurs* monark, then of *Arcaſ* ſtrange.

Metamor-
phosis

Offa, Pin-
dus, and
Olympus

Nabuchad-
nezer.

F. ij.

L'VRANIE.

Et le viure second du saint Bethanien,
Que le recolement des membres d'Hippolite.

L'un de plaisir au lecteur tant seulement se mesle,
Et l'autre seulement tasche de profiter :
Mais seul celuy là peut le laurier meriter,
Qui sage, le profit avec le plaisir mesle.

Les plus beaux promenoirs sont pres de la marine,
Et le nager plus seur pres des rivages verds :
Et le sage Escriptuain n' estoigne dans ses vers
Le sçauoir du plaisir, le ieu de la doctrine.

Vous tiendrez donc ce rang enchantant chosestelles :
Car enseignans autruy, vous mesmes apprendrez
L'arégle de bien viure: & bien-heureux, rendrez
Autant que leurs sujets, vos chansons immortelles.

Laissez moy donc à part ces fables surannées :
Mes amis, laissez moy cest insolent Archer,
Qui les cœurs otieux peut seulement brescher,
Et plus ne soyent par vous les Muses profanées.

Mais las! en vain ie crie, en vain, las! ie menroue :
Car l'un, pour ne se voir connaincu par mon chant,
Va, comme un fin aspic, son oreille bouchant :
L'autre Epicurien, de mes discours se ioue.

L'autre pour quelque temps se range en mon eschole,
Mais le monde enchanteur soudain le me soustrait,
Et ce discours sacré, qui les seuls bons attrait,
Entre par une aureille, & par l'autre s'envolle.

Las! ie n'en voy pas un qui ses deux yeux dessille
Dubandea de Venus, & d'un profane fiel

De

THE V R A N I E.

Of the * *Bethaniens* holy second liuing,
Then *Hippolitts* with members glewde reuiuing.
To please the Reader is the ones whole cair,
The vther for to proffite mair and mair;
But only he of *Laurell* is condign,
Who wylly can with proffit, pleasure ming.
The fairest walking on the Sea coast bene,
And suirest swimming where the braes are grene:
So, wylle is he, who in his verse can haue
Skill mixt with pleasure, sports with doctrine graue.
In singing kepe this order showen you heir,
Then ye your self, in teaching men shall leir
The rule of liuing well, and happily shall
Your songs make, as your thems immortall all.
No more into those oweryere lies delyte,
My freinds, cast of that insolent archer quyte,
Who only may the ydle harts surpryse:
Prophane no more the *Muses* with yon cryes.
But oh! in vaine, with crying am I horce:
For lo, where one, nocht caring my songs force,
Goes lyke a crafty snaik, and stoppes his eare:
The other godles, mocks and will not heare.
Ane other at my schoole abydes a space,
While charming world withdrawe him frō that place
So that discours, that maks good men reiose,
At one eare enters, and at the other goes.
Alas, I se not one vnvailill his eue
From *Venus* vailill and gal prophane, that bene

Lazarus

F. iij.

L'VRANIE.

De ses carmes dorez ne corrompe le miel:
Bien que de bons esprits nostre France fourmille.

Mais toy, mon cher mignon, que la Neufuaine sainte
Qui de Pegase boit le surjon perennel,
Fit le sacre sonneur du los de l'Eternel,
Mesme auant que de toy ta mere fust enceinte :

Bien que cest argument semble vnemai gre lande,
Que les meilleurs esprits ont en friche laisse,
Ne sois pour l'avenir de ce trauail laisse :
Car plus la gloire est rare, & tant plus elle est grande.

SALVSTE, ne perds coeur situ vois que l'Enuie
Aille abbayant, maligne, apres ton los naissant :
Ne crain que sous ses pieds elle aille tapissant
Les vers que tu feras, comme indignes de vie.

Ce monstre blece-honneur ressemble la Mastine,
Qui iappe contre ceux qui sont nouveau venus,
Pardonnant toutesfois a ceux qui sont cognus,
Curtoise enuers ceux cy, enuers ceux la mutine.

Ce monstre semble encor une fameuse nue,
Que le naissant Vulcan presse de toutes pars,
Pour, noire, l'estouffer de ses ondeux bronillars:
Mais ou plus ce feu croist, plus elle diminue.

Sui donc (mon cher souci) ce chemin non froyable
Que par ceux, que le ciel, liberal, veut benir,
Et ie iure qu'en brief i te feray tenir
Entre les bons esprits quelque rang honorable.

Cest par ce beau discours que la Muse celeste
Tenant une couronne en sa pucelle main,

Attire

THE V R A N I E.

To golden honnied verse, the only harme,
Although our France with lofty sprits doth swarne.
But thou my deir one, whome the holy Nyne,
Who yearly drinks *Pegasus* fountaine fyne,
The great gods holy songster had receiued,
Yea, euен before thy mother the conceiued.
Albeit this subiect leame a barren ground,
With quickest spreits left ley, as they it found,
Irk not for that heirester of thy paine,
Thy glore by rairnes greater shall remaine.
O *Salust*, lose not heart, though pale Inuye
Bark at thy praise increasing to the skye,
Feare not that she tread vnder foote thy verse,
As if they were vnworthie to reherse.
This monster honnors-hurt is lyke the curr,
That barks at strangers comming to the durr,
But sparing alwaies those are to him knowin,
To them most gentle, to the others throwin.
This monster als is lyke a rauing cloude,
Whiche threatnes alwayis kendling *Vulcan* loude.
To smore and drowne him, with her powring raine,
Yet force of fyre repellis her power againe.
Then follow furth, my sonne, that way vnfeard,
Of them whom in fre heauens gift hath appeard.
And heare I sweare, thou shortly shall resaue
Some noblerank among good spreits and graue.
This heauenly *Muse* by such discourses fair,
Who in her Virgin hand a riche crowne bair:

F. iiiij

LVRANIE.

Attire à soy mon cœur d'un transport plus qu'humain,
Tant bien à ses doux mots elle adouste un doux geste.
Depuis, ce seul amour dans mes veines bouillonne:
Depuis, ce seul vent souffle ès toiles de manef:
Bien-beureux si je puis non poser sur mon chef,
Ains du doigt seulement toucher ceste couronne.

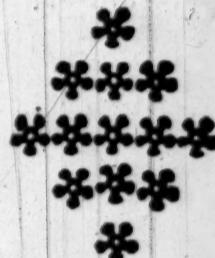
FINIS.



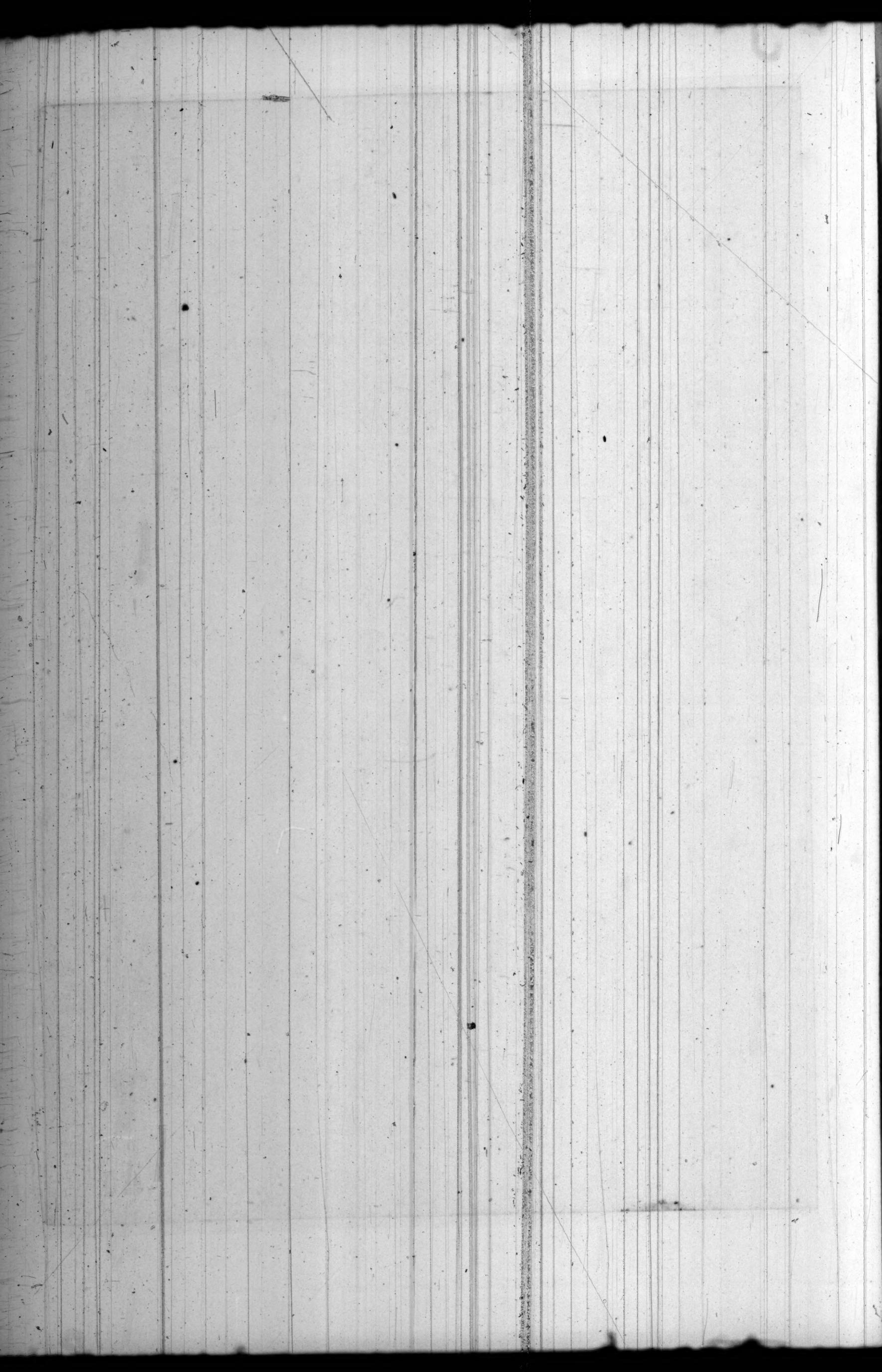
THE V R A N I E.

So drew to her my heart, so farr transported,
And with swete grace, so swetely she exhorted:
As since that loue into my braines did brew,
And since that only wind my shiplilles blew,
I thought me blest, if I might only clame
To touche that crown, though not to weare the same.

FINIS.



G



**ANE METAPHORICALL
INVENTION OF A TRAGEDIE
CALLED PHOENIX.**

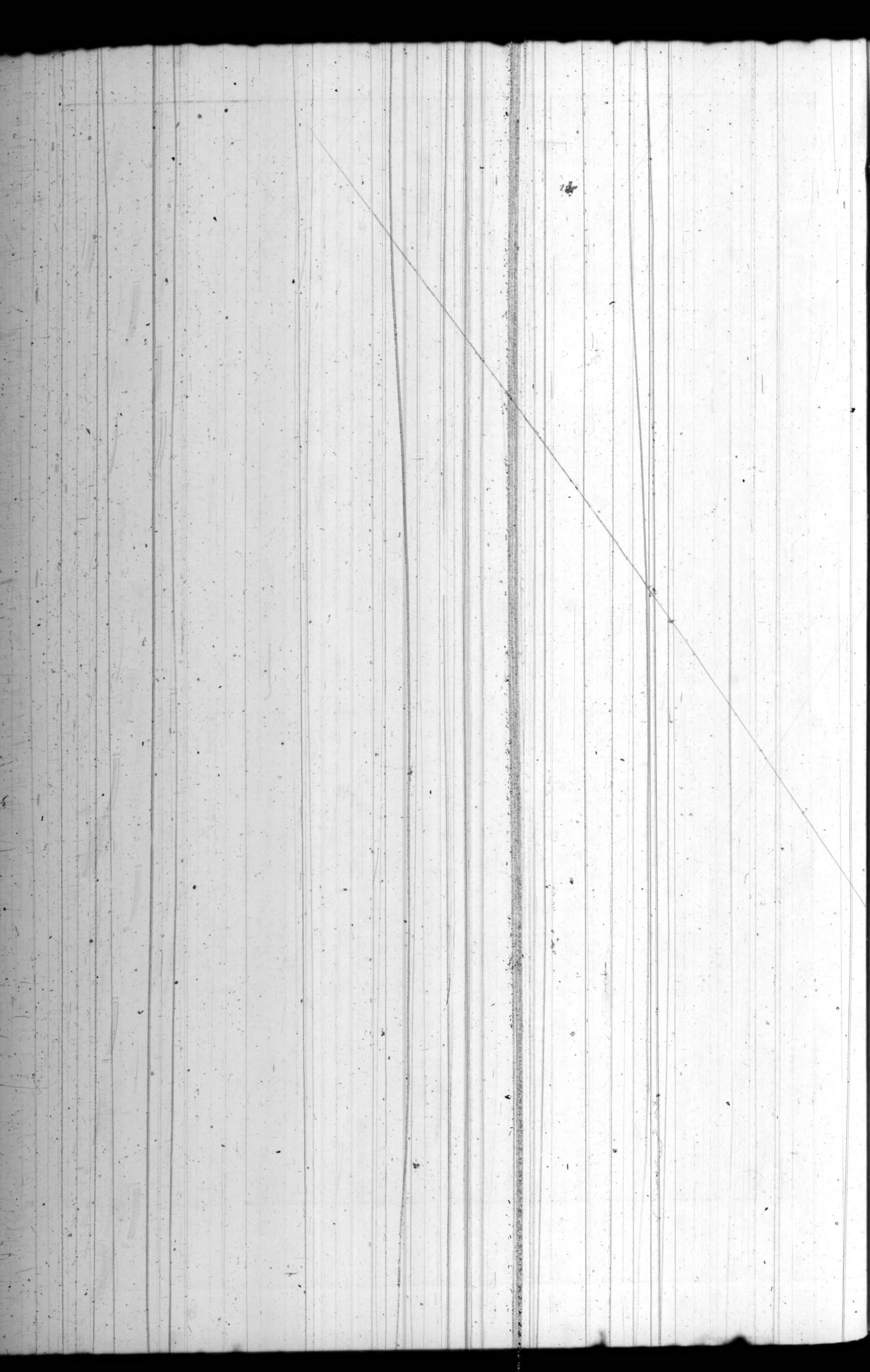
A Colomne of 18lynes Iterning for a Preface
to the Tragedie ensuyng.

Elf
Echo
help, that both
together we,
Since cause therebe, may
now lament with tearies, My
murnefull yearis. Ye furies als
with hiin, Euen Pluto grim, who duells
in dark, that he, Since cheif we se him
to you all that bearis The stile men fearis of
Diræ, I request, Eche greizlie ghest that dwells
beneth the see, With all yon thre, whose hairs are snaiks
full blew, And all your crew, assist me in thir twa:
Repeit and sha my Tragedie full neir, The
chance fell heir, then secundlie is best, Deuills
void of rest, ye moue all that it reid,
With me in deid lyke dolour them
to griv, I then will liv' in
lesser greif therebj. Kyth
heir and try your force
ay bent and quick,
Excell in
sik like
ill,
and murne with
me. From Delphos sync
Apollo cum with speid: Whose
shining light my cairs will dum in deid.

¶ The expansion of the
former Colomne.

E If Echo help, that both together w
(S ince cause there be) may now lamēt with teari
M y murnefull yearis. Ye furies als with hi
E uen Pluto grim, who dwels in dark, that h
S ince cheif we se him to you all that beari
T he stye men fearis of Diræ: I reques
E che greizlie ghest, that dwells beneth the S
W ith all yon thre, whose hairis ar snaiks full ble
A nd all your crew, assist me in thir tw
R epeit and sha my Tragedie full nei
T he chance fell heir. Then secoundlie is bes
D euils void of rest, ye moue all that it rei
W ith me, indeid, lyke dolour thame to gri
I then will liv', in lesser greif therebi
K ythe heir and trie, your force ay bent and quic
E xcell in sik lyke ill, and murne with m
From Delphos syne Apollo cum with speid,
VVhose shining light my cairs wil dim in deid.

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PHOENIX.

THE dyuers falls, that *Fortune* givis to men,
By turning ouer her quheill to their annoy,
When I do heare the grudge, although they ken
That old blind *Dame*, delytes to let the joy
Of all, such is her vse, which dois conuoy
Her quheill by gess: not looking to the right,
Bot still turnis vp that pairt quhilk is too light.

Thus quhen I hard so many did complaine,
Some for the losse of worldly wealth and geir,
Some death of frends, quho can not come againe,
Some losse of health, which vnto all is deir,
Some losse of fame, which still with it dois beir
Ane greif to them, who mereits it indeid:
Yet for all thir appearis there someremeid.

For as to geir, lyke chance as made you want it,
Restore you may the same againe or mair.
For death of frends, although the same (I grant it)
Can noght returne, yet men are not so fair,
Bot ye may get the lyke. For seiknes fair
Your health may come: or to ane better place
Ye must. For fame, good deids will mend disgrace.

PHOENIX.

Then, fra I saw (as I already told)
How men complaind for things whilk might amend,
How *David Lindsay* did complaine of old
His *Papingo*, her death, and sudden end,
Ane common foule, whose kinde be all is kend.
All these hes moved me presently to tell
Ane Tragedie, in griefs thir to excell. -

For I complaine not of sic common cace,
Which diuersly by diuers means dois fall :
But I lament my *Phænix* rare, whose race,
Whose kynde, whose kin, whose offspring, they be all
In her alone, whome I the *Phænix* call.
That fowle which only one at onis did liue,
Not liues, alas! though I her praisle reviue.

In *Arabie* cald *Fælix* was she bredd
This foule, excelling *Iris* farr in hew.
Whose body whole, with purpour was owercledd,
Whose taill of colour was celestiall bleu,
With skarlat pennis that through it mixed grew:
Her craig was like the yallowe burnisht gold,
And she her self thre hundredth yeare was old.

She

PHOENIX.

She might haue liued as long againe and mair,
If fortune had not stayde dame *Naturs* will:
Six hundredth yeares and fourtie was her scair,
Which *Nature* ordained her for to fulfill.
Her natiuue soile she hanted euer still,
Except to *Egypt* whiles she tooke her course,
Wherethrough great *Nylus* down runs frō his source.

Like as ane hors, when he is barded haile,
An fethered pannach set vpon his heid,
Will make him scame more braue: Or to assaile
The enemie, he that thetroups dois leid,
Ane pannache on his healme will set in deid:
Euen so, had *Nature*, to decore her face,
Giuen her ane tap, for to augment her grace.

In quantitie, she dois resemble neare
Vnto the toule of mightie *Love*, by name
The *AEgle* calld: oft in the time of yeare,
She vsde to soir, and flic through diuers realme,
Out through the *Azure* skyes, whill she did shame
The Sunne himself, her coulour was so bright,
Till he abashit beholding such a light.

H

PHOE NIX.

Thus whill she vsde to scum the skyes about,
At last she chanced to sore out ower the see
Calld *Mare Rubrum*: yet her course held out
Vvhill that she past whole *Asie* Syne to flie
To *Europe* small she did resolue. To drie
Her voyage out, at last she camc in end
Into this land, ainc stranger heir vnkend.

Ilk man did inariuell at her forme most rare.
The winter came, and storms cled all the feild :
Vvhich storms, the land of fruit and corne made bare,
Then did she flie into an house for beild,
Vvhich from the storms might sauc her as an sheild.
There, in that house she first began to tame,
I came, syne tooke her furth out of the same.

Fra I her gat, yet none could ges what sort
Of foule she was, nor from what countrey cum:
Nor I my self: except that be her port,
And glistring hewes I knew that she w̄s sum
Rare stranger foule, which oft had vsde to scum
Through diuers lands, delyting in her flight;
Vvhich made vs see, so strange and rare a sight.

VVhill

PHOENIX.

Whill at the last, I chanced to call to minde
How that her nature, did resemble neir
To ihat of *Phænix* which I red. Her kinde,
Her hewe, her shapc, did mak it plaine appeir,
She was the same, which now was lighted heir.
This made me to esteme of her the more,
Her name and rarenes did her so decore.

Thus being tamed, and throughly weill acquent.
She toke delyte (as she was wount before)
VVhat tymē that *Titan* with his beames vpsprent,
To take her flight, amongs the skyes to soire.
Then came to her of fowlis, a woundrous store
Of diuers kinds, some simple fowlis, some ill
And rauening fowlis, whilks simple onis did kill.

And cuen as they do swarne about their king
The hunnic *Bees*, that works into the hyue:
VVhen he delyts furth of the skepps to spring,
Then all the leauc will follow him belyue,
Syne to be nixt him bisstelie they striue:
So, all thir fowlis did follow her with beir,
For loue of her, fowlis rauening did no deir.

PHOENIX.

Such was the loue, and reverence they her bire,
Ilik day whill cuen, ay whill they shedd at night.
Fra time it darkned, I was euer sure
Of her returne, remaining whill the light,
And *Phæbus* rysing with his garland bright.
Such was her trueth, fra time that she was tame,
She, who in brightnes *Titans* self did shame.

By vse of this, and hanting it, at last
She made the soules, fra time that I went out,
Aboue my head to flic, and follow fast
Her, who was chief and leader of the rout.
When it grew lait, she made them flic, but doubt,
Or feare, cuen in the closse with her of will,
Syne she her self, perkt in my chalmer still.

When as the countrays round about did heare
Of this her byding in this countrey cold,
Whiche not but hills, and darknes ay dois beare,
(And for this cause was *Scotia* calld of old,)
Her lyking here, when it was to them told,
And how she greind not to go backe againe:
The loue they bire her, turnd into disdaine.

Lo

PHOENIX.

Lo, here the fructs, whilks of *Inuy* dois breid,
To harme them all, who vertue dois imbrace.
Lo, here the fructs, from her whilks dois proccid,
To harme them all, that be in better cace
Then others be. So foliowed they the trace
Of proud *Inuy*, thir countreyis lying neir,
That such a foule, should lyke to tary heir.

Whill Fortoun at the last, not onely moued
Inuy to this, which could her not content,
Whill that *Inuy*, did seale some foules that loued
Her anis as seemed: but yet their ill intent
Kythed, when they saw all other foules still bent
To follow her, mis knowing them at all.
This made them wrike her vndeserued fall.

Thir were the rauking fowls, whome of I spak
Before, the whilks (as I already shew)
Was wount into her presence to hald bak
Their crueltie, from simple ones, that flew
With her, ay whill *Inuy* all feare withdrew.
Thir ware, the *Rauin*, the *Stainchell*, & the *Gled*,
With others kynds, whome in this malice bred.

PHOENIX.

Frae *Malice* thus was rooted be *Inuy*,
In them as sone the awin effects did shaw.
VVhich made them sync,vpon ane day,to spy
And wait till that,as she was wount, she flaw
Athort the skyes,lyne did they neir her draw,
Among the other fowlis of dyuers kynds,
Although they ware farr dissonant in mynds.

For where as they ware wount her to obey,
Their mynde farr contrair then did plaine appeare.
For then they made her as a commoun prey
To them, of whome she looked for no deare,
They strake at her so bitterly,whill feare
Stayde other fowlis to prei; for to defen d her
From thir ingrate, whilks now had clene miskend her.

When she could find none other sauue refuge
From these their bitter straiks, she fled at last
To me (as if she wolde wishe me to iudge
The wrong they did her) yet they followed fast
Till she betuix my leggs her selfe did cast.
For sauuing her from these, which her opprest,
Whose hote pursuite,her suffred not to rest.

Bot

PHOENIX.

Bot yct at all that servd not for remeid,
For noghttheles, they spaird her not a haire.
In stede of her, yea whyles they made to bleid
My leggs: (so grew their malice mair and mair)
Whiche made her both to rage and to dispair,
First, that but cause they did her such dishort:
Nixt, that she laked help in any sort.

Then hauing tane ane dry and wethered stra,
In deip dispair, and in ane lofty rage
She sprang vp heigh, outfling euery fa:
Synce to *Panchaia* came, to change her age
Upon *Apolios* altar, to asswage
With outward fyre her inward raging syre:
Whiche then was all her cheif and whole desyre.

Then being carefull, the event to know
Of her, who homeward had returnde againe
Where she was bred, where storms dois neuer blow,
Nor bitter blasts, nor winter snows, nor raine,
But sommer still: that countray doeth so staine
All realmes in fairnes. There in haste I sent,
Of her to know the yssew and event.

PHOENIX.

The messenger went there into sic haste,
As could permit the farrnes of the way,
By crossing ower sa mony countreys waste
Or he come there. Syne with a lytle stay
Into that land, drew homeward euery day:
In his returne, lyke diligence he shew
As in his going there, through realms anew.

Fra he returnd, then sone without delay
I speared at him, (the certeantie to try)
What word of *Phœnix* which was flowen away?
And if through all the lands he could her spy,
Where through he went, I bad him not deny,
But tell the trueth, yea whither good or ill
Was come of her, to wit it was my will.

He tolde me then, how she flew bak againe,
Where fra she came, and als he did receit,
How in *Panchaia* toun, she did remaine
On *Phœbus* altar, there for to compleit
With *Thms* and *Myrrh*, and other odours sweet
Of flowers of dyuers kyndes, and of *Incens*
Her nest. With that he left me in suspens.

Till

PHOENIX.

Till that I charged him no wayes for to spair,
Bot presently to tell me out the rest.
He tauld me then, How *Titans* garland thair
In flamde be heate, reflexing on her nest,
The withered stra, which when she was opprest
Heir be yon fowlis, she bure ay whill she came
There, syne aboue her nest she laid the same.

And syne he tolde, how she had such desyre
To burne her self, as she sat downe therein.
Sync how the Sunne the withered stra did fyre,
Whiche brunt her nest, her fethers, bones, and skin
All turnd in ash. Whose end dois now begin
My woes: her death maks lyfe to gref in me.
She, whome I rew my eyes did euer see.

O deuills of darknes, contraire vnto light,
In *Phæbus* fowle, how could ye get such place,
Since ye are hated ay be *Phæbus* bright?
For still is sene his light dois darknes chace.
But yet ye went into that fowle, whose grace,
As *Phæbus* fowle, yet ward the Sunne him sell.
Her light his staind, whome in all light dois dwell.

PHOENIX.

And thou (ô *Phænix*) why wast thou so moued
Thow foule of light, be enemies to thee,
For to forget thy heauenly hewes, whilkis loued
Were baith by men and fowlis that did them see?
And syne in hewe of ashe that they sould bee
Conuerted all: and that thy goodly shape
In *Chaos* sould, and nocht the fyre escape?

And thow (ô reuthles *Death*)sould thow duore
Her? who not only passed by all mens mynde
All other fowlis in hew, and shape, but more
In rarenes (sen there was none of her kynde
But she alone) whome with thy stounds thow pynde:
And at the last, hath perced her through the hait,
But reuth or pitie, with thy mortall dart.

Yet worst of all, she liued not half her age.
Why stayde thou *Tyme* at least, which all dois teare
To worke with her? O what a cruell rage,
To cut her off, before her threid did weare!
V Vherein all *Planets* keeps their course, that yeare
It was not by the halyt yet worne away,
V Vhich sould with her haue ended on a day.

Then

PHOENIX.

Then fra thir newis, in sorrows soped haill,
Had made vs both a while to holde our peace,
Then he began and said, Paire of my taill
Is yet vntolde, Lo here one of her race,
Anewome bred of her ashe: Though she, alace,
(Said he) be brunt, this lacks but plumes and breath
To be lyke her, new gendred by her death.

L'envoy.

Apollo then, who brunt with thy reflex
Thine onely towle, through loue that thou her bure,
Although thy fowle, (whose name doeth end in X)
Thy burning heat on nowayes could indure,
But brunt thereby: Yet will I the procure,
Late foe to *Phænix*, now her freind to be:
Reuiuing her by that which made her die.

Draw farr from heir, mount heigh vp through the air,
To gar thy heat and beames be law and neir.
That in this countrey, which is colde and bair,
Thy glistring beames als ardent may appeir
As they were oft in *Arabie*: so heir
Let them be now, to mak ane *Phænix* new
Euen of this worme of *Phænix* ashe which grew.

PHOENIX.

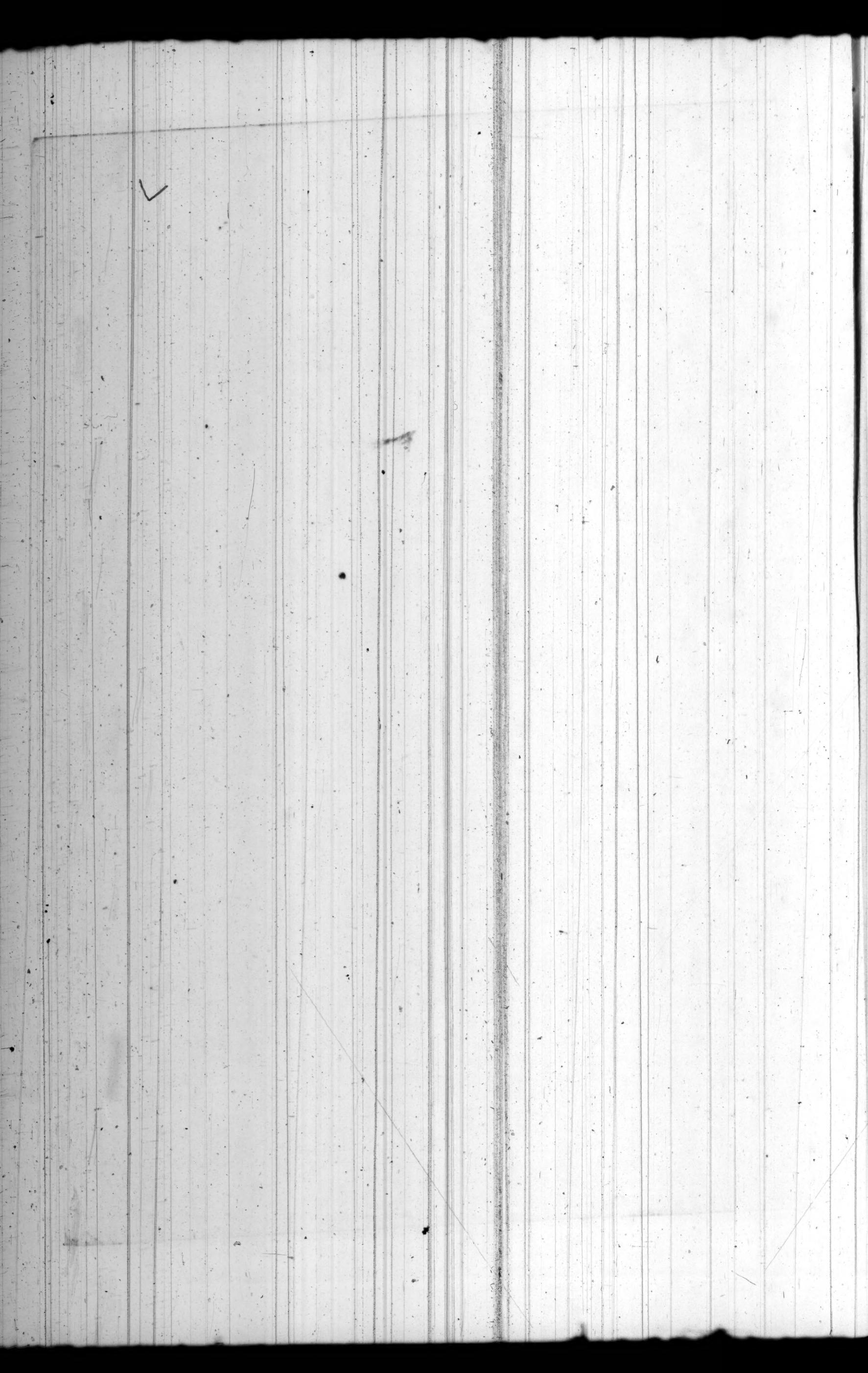
This if thou dois, as sure I hope thou shall,
My tragedie a comike end will haue:
Thy work thou hath begun, to end it all.
Els made a newme, to make her out the laue.
This Epitaphe, then beis on *Phænix* graue.

*Here lyeth, vvhom too cuen be her death and end
Apollo hath a longer lyfe her send.*

FINIS.



A PARAPHRASTICALL
TRANSLATION OVT OF
THE POETE LVCANE.





LVCANVS LIB.

QVINTO.

CAEsar is an cursus vestra sentire putatis
Damnum posse fugae? Velut si cuncta minentur
Flumina, quos miscent pelago, subducere fontes:
Non magis ablatis unquam decreverit aquor,
Quam nunc crescit aquis. An vos momenta putatis
Vlla dedisse mihi?

If all the floods amongst them wold conclude
To stay their course from running in the see:
And by that means wold thinke for to delude
The *Ocean*, who sould impaired be,
As they supposde, belieuing if that he
Did lack their floods, he should decoresse him self:
Yet if we like the veritie to wye,
It pairs him nothing: as I shall you tell.

For out of him they are augmented all,
And most part creat, as ye shall perfaue:
For when the Sunne doth souk the vapours small
Forth of the seas, whilks them conteine and haue,
A part in winde, in wete and raine the laue
He render dois: which doth augment their strands.
Of *Neptuns* woll a coate syne they him weau,
By hurling to him fast ouer the lands.

LVCANVS LIB.V.

When all is done, do to him what they can
None can persauie that they do swell him mair.
I put the case then that they neuer ran:
Yet not theless that could him nowise pair:
VVhat needs he then to count it, or to cair,
Except their folies wold the more be shawin?
Sen though they stay, it harmes him not a hair,
what gain they, thogh they had their course withdrawē?

So euен siclike: Though subiects do coniure
For to rebell against their Prince and King:
By leauing him although they hope to smure
That grace, wherewith God maks him for to ring,
Though by his gifts he shaw him selfe bening,
To help their need, and make them thereby gaine:
Yet lack of them no harme to him doth bring,
VVhen they to rewte their folie shalbe faine.

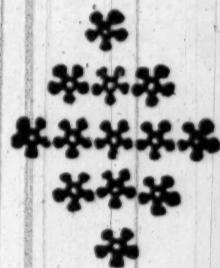
L'enuoy.

Then *Floods* runne on your wounded course of olde,
Which God by Nature dewly hes prouyded:
For though ye stay, as I before haue tolde,
And cast in doubt which God hath els decyded:
To be conioynde, by you to be deuyded:
To kythe your spite, & do the *Depe* no skaith:
Farre better were in others ilk confyded,
Ye *Floods*, thou *Depe*, whilks were your dewties baith.

F I N I S.



AN E SCHORT
TREATISE,
CONTEINING SOME REV LIS
and cautelis to be obseruit and
elchewit in Scottis
Poesie.



K

A

A QVADRAIN OF ALEXANDRIN
VERSE, DECLARING TO QVHOME THE
Authour hes directit his labour.

To ignorant obdurate, quhair uvilfull errour lyis,
Nor zit to curious folks, quhilks carping dois deiect thee,
Nor zit to learned men, quha thinks thame onelie uygis.
But to the docile bairns of knawledge I direct thee.



THE PREFACE TO the Reader.

THE cause why (docile Reader) I haue not dedicat this short treatise to any particular personis, (as cōmounly workis vsis to be) is, that I esteme all thais quha hes already some beginning of knawledge, with ane earnest desyre to atteyne to farther, alyke meit for the reading of this worke, or any vther, quhilk may help thame to the attaining to thair foirsaid desyre. Bot as to this work, quhilk is intitulit, *The Reulis and cautelis to be obseruit & eschewit in Scottis Poesie*, ze may maruell paraventure, quhairfore I sould haue writtin in that mater, sen sa mony learnit men, baith of auld and of late hes already written thairof in dyuers and sindry languages: I answier, That nochtwithstanding, I haue lykewayis writtin of it, for twa caussis: The ane is, As for thē that wrait of auld, lyke as the tyme is changeit sensyne, sa is the ordour of Poesie changeit. For then they obseruit not *Flowring*, nor eschewit not *Ryming in termes*, besydes sindrie vther thingis, quhilk now we obserue, & eschew, and dois weil in sa doing: because that now, quhē the world is waxit auld, we haue all their opinionis in writ, quhilk were learned before our tyme, besydes our awin ingynis, quhair as they then did it onelic be thair

THE PREFACE.

awin ingynis, but help of any vther. Thairfore, quhat I speik of Poesie now, I speik of it, as being come to mannis age and perfectioun, quhair as then, it was bot in the infancie and chyldheid. The vther cause is, That as for thame that hes written in it of late, there hes neuer ane of thame written in our language. For albeit sindrie hes written of it in English, quhilk is lykest to our language, zit we differ from thame in sindrie reulis of Poesie, as ze will find be experiance. I haue lykewayis omittit dyuers figures, quhilkis are necessare to be vsit in verle, for twa causis. The ane is, because they are vsit in all languages, and thairfore are spokin of be *Du Bellay*, and sindrie vtheris, quha hes writte in this airt. Quhairfore gif I wrait of thame also, it sould seme that I did bot repeate that, quhilk thay haue written, and zit not sa weil, as thay haue done already. The vther cause is, that they are figures of Rhetorique and Diale-
Etique, quhilkis airtis I professe nocht, and thairfore will apply to my selfe the counsale, quhilk *Apelles* gaue to the shoomaker, quhē he said to him, seing him find falt with the shankis of the Image of *Venus*, after that he had found falt with the pantoun, *Ne futor ultra crepidam.*

I will also wish zow (docile Reidar) that or ze cūmer zow with reiding thir reulis, ze may find in zour sc̄lt sic a beginning of Nature, as ze may put in practise in zour verle many of thir foirsaidis preceptis, or euer ze sie them as they are heit set doun. For gif Nature be nocht the cheif worker in this airt, Reulis wil be bot a band to Na-
ture,

THE PREFACE.

ture, and will mak zow within short space weary of the
haill airt: quhair as, gif Nature be cheif, and bent to it,
reulis will be ane help and staff to Nature. I will end
heir, lest my preface be langer nor my purpose and haill
mater following: wishing zow, docile Reidar, als gude
succes and great proffeit by reiding this short treatise, as
I tuke earnist and willing panis to blok it, as ze sic, for
zour cause. Fare weill.

I Haue insert in the hinder end of this Treatise, maist
kyndis of versis quhilks are not cuttit or brokin, bot
alyke many feit in euerie lyne of the verse, and how they
are commounly namit, with my opinioun for quhat
subiectis ilk kynde of thir verse is meitest to be vsit.

TO know the quantitie of zour lang or short fete in
they lynes, quhilk I haue put in the reule, quhilk
teachis zow to know quhat is *Flowring*, I haue markit
the lang fete with this mark, — and abone
the heid of the shorte fete, I
haue put this mark o.

**

K iii

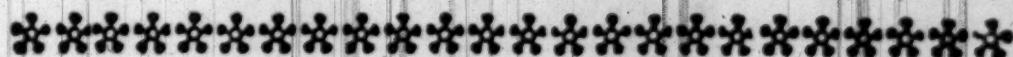
SONNET OF THE AVTHOVR
TO THE READER.

Sen for zour saik I vuryte upon zour airt,
Apollo, Pan, and ze ô Musis nyne,
And thou, ô Mercure, for to help thy paire
I do implore, sen thou be thy ingyne,
Nixt after Pan had found the quhissill, syne
Thou did perfyte, that quhilk he bot espyit:
And after that made Argus for to type
(quha kepit Io) all his vvindois by it.
Concurre ze Gods, it can not be denyst:
Sen in your airt of Poësie I vuryte.
Auld birds to learne by teiching it is tryit:
Sic docens discarn gif ze help to dyte.
Then Reidar sie of nature thou haue paire,
Syne laik is thou nocht, bot heir to Reid the airt.

SONNET DECIFRING THE PERFYTE POETE.

ANe ryde ingyne, ane quick and vvalked vvit,
VVith sommair reasons, suddenlie applyit,
For every purpose vsing reasons fitt,
VVith skilfulnes, vwhere learning may be spyit,
VVith pithie vwordis, for to expres zovv by it
His full intention in his proper leid,
The puritie quhairof, vweill hes he tryit:
VVith memorie to keip quhat he dois reid,
VVith skilfulnes and figuris, quhilks proceid
From Rhetorique, vwith everlasting fame,
VVith uthers vroundring, preassing vwith all speid
For to atteine to merite sic a name.
All thir into the perfyte Poete be.
Goddis, grant I may obteine the Lanrelltrie.





THE REVLIS AND CAV-
TELIS TO BE OBSERVIT
and eschewit in Scottis
Poesie.

CAP. I.



IRST, ze fall keip iust culouris,
quhairof the cautelis are thir.

That ze ryme nocht twyse in
ane syllabe. As for exemple, that ze
make not *proue* and *reproue* ryme to-
gether, nor *houe* for houeing on hors
bak, and *behoue*.

That ze ryme ay to the hinmest lang syllabe, (with ac-
cent) in the lyne, suppose it be not the hinmest syllabe in
the lyne, as *bakbyte zovv*, & *out flyte zovv*, It rymes in
byte & *flyte*, because of the lenth of the syllabe, & accent
being there, and not in *zovv*, howbeit it be the hinmest
syllabe of ather of the lynis. Or *question* and *digestion*,
It rymes in *ques* & *ges*, albeit they be bot the antepenult
syllabis, and vther twa behind ilkane of thame.

Ze aucht alwayis to note, That as in thir foirlaidis, or
the lyke wordis, it rymes in the hinmest lang syllabe in
the lyne, althoucht there be vther short syllabis behind
it, Sa is the hinmest lang syllabe the hinmest fute, sup-
pose there be vther short syllabis behind it, quhilkis are
catin vp in the pronouncceing, and na wayis comptit as
fete.

L

REVLIS AND CAVTELIS

Ze man be war likewayis (except necessitic compell yow) with Ryming in Termis, quhilk is to say, that your first or hinmest word in the lyne, exceed not twa or thre syllabis at the maist, vsing thrie als seindill as ye can. The cause quhairfore ze shall not place a lang word first in the lyne, is, that all lang words haue ane syllabe in them sa verie lang, as the length thairof eatis vp in the pronouncing euin the vther syllabes, quhilks ar placit lang in the same word, and thairfore spillis the flowing of that lyne. As for exēple, in this word, *Arabia*, the second syllabe (*ra*) is sa lang, that it eatis vp in the pronouncing [*a*] quhilk is the hinmest syllabe of the same word. Quhilk [*a*] althoche it be in a lang place, zit it kythis not sa, because of the great length of the preceding syllabe (*ra*). As to the cause quhy ze shall not put a lang word hinmest in the lyne, It is, because, that the length of the secound syllabe (*ra*) eateng vp the length of the vther lang syllabe, [*a*] makis it to serue bot as a tayle vnto it, together with the short syllabe preceding. And because this tayle nather seruis for culour nor fute, as I spak before, it man be thairfore repetit in the nixt lyne ryming vnto it, as it is set doun in the first: quhilk makis, that ze will scarcely get many wordis to ryme vnto it, zea, nanc at all will ze finde to ryme to sindrie vther langer wordis. Thairfore chesly be warre of inserting sic lang wordis hinmest in the lyne, for the cause quhilk I last allegit. Belydis that nather first nor last in the lyne, it keipis na *Flowring*. The reulis & cautelis quhairof are thir, as followis.

CHAP.

OF SCOTTIS POESIE.

CHAP. II.

FIRST, ze man vnderstād that all syllabis are deuydit in thrie kindes: That is, some schort, some lang, and some indifferent. Be indifferent I meane, thay quhilk are ather lang or short, according as ze place thame.

The forme of placeing syllabes in verse, is this. That zour first syllabc in the lyne be short, the second lang, the thrid short, the fourt lang, the fyft short, the sixt lang, and sa furth to the end of the lyne. Alwayis tak heid, that the nomber of zour fete in euery lyne be euin, & nocht oddes as four, six, aucht, or ten: & not thrie, syue, seuin, or nyne, except it be in broken verse, quhilkis are out of reul and daylic inuentit be dyuers Poetis. Bot gifze wald ask me the reulis, quhairby to knaw euerie ane of thir thre foir-laidis kyndis of syllabes, I answer, Zour eare man be the onely iudge and discerner thairof. And to proue this, I remit to the iudgement of the same, quhilk of thir twa lynes following flowis best,

v - v - v - v - v -
Into the Seathen Lucifer upsprang.

v - v - v - v - v -
In the Seathen Lucifer to upsprang.

I doubt not bot zour eare makkis zou casilie to perfaue, that the first lyne flowis weil, & the vther nathing at all. The reasoun is, because the first lyne keips the rule abone written, TO wit, the first fute short, the secound lang, and sa furth, as I shewe before: quhair as the vther is direct contrair to the same. Bot specially tak heid, quhen

REVLIS AND CAVTELIS

zour lyne is of fourtene, that zour *Sectionoun* in aucht be a lang monosyllabe, or ellis the hinnest syllabe of a word alwais being lang, as I said before. The cause quhy it mā be ane of thir twa, is, for the Musique, because that quhen zour lyne is ather of xiij or xii fete, it wilbe drawin sa lang in the singing, as ze man rest in the middes of it, quhilk is the *Sectionoun*: sa as, gif zour *Sectionoun* be nocht ather a monosyllabe, or ellis the hinnest syllabe of a word, as I said before, bot the first syllabe of a polysyllabe, the Musique fall make zow sa to rest in the middes of that word, as it fall cut the anc half of the word fra the vther, and sa fall mak it seme twa different wordis, that is bot ane. This aucht onely to be obseruit in thir foir-said lang lynes: for the shortnes of all shorter lynes, then thir before mentionat, is the cause, that the Musique makis na rest in the middes of thame, and thairfore thir obseruationis seruis nocht for thame. Onely tak heid, that the *Sectionoun* in thame kythe something langer nor any vther feit in that lyne, except the secound and the last, as I haue said before.

Ze man tak heid lykewayis, that zour largest lynes exceid nocht fourtene fete, and that zour shortest be nocht within foure.

Remember also to mak a *Sectionoun* in the middes of euery lyne, quhether the lyne be lang or short. Be *Sectionoun* I mean, that gif zour lyne be of fourtene fete, zour aucht fute, man not only be langer then the seuint, or vther short fete, bot also langer nor any vther lang fete in the

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OF SCOTTIS POESIE.

the same lyne, except the seound and the hinmest. Or gif your lyne be of twelf fete, zour *Section*oun to be in the sext. Or gif of ten, zour *Section*oun to be in the sext also. The cause quhy it is not in syue, is, because fyue is odde, and cuerie odde fute is stort. Or gif your lyne be of aucht fete, zour *Section*oun to be in the fourt. Gif of sex, in the fourt also. Gif of four, zour *Section*oun to be in twa.

Ze aucht likewise be war with oft composing zour haill lynes of monosyllabis onely, (albeit our language haue sa many, as we can nocht weill eschewe it) because the maist paire of thame are indifferent, and may be in short or lang place, as ze like. Some wordis of dyuers syllabis are likewayis indifferent, as

Thairfore, restore.

I thairfore, then.

In the first, *thairfore*, (*thair*) is short, and (*fore*) is lang: In the vther, (*thair*) is lang, & (*fore*) is short, and zit baith flowis alike weill. Bot thir indifferent wordis, composit of dyuers syllabes, are rare, suppose in monosyllabes, comoun. The cause then, quhy ane haill lyne aucht nocht to be composit of monosyllabes only, is, that they being for the maist paire indifferent, nather the seound, hinmest, nor *Section*oun, will be langer nor the other lang fete in the same lyne. Thairfore ze man place a word composit of dyuers syllabes, and not indifferent, ather in the seound, hinmest, or *Section*oun, or in all thric.

REVLIS AND CAVTELIS

Ze man also tak heid, that quhen thare fallis any short syllabis after the last lang syllabe in the lyne, that ze repeatethame in the lyne quhilk rymis to the vther, evin as ze set them downe in the first lyne: as for exemplill, ze man not say

*Then feir nocht
Nor heir ocht.*

Bot

*Then feir nocht
Nor heir nocht.*

Repeting the same, *nocht*, in baith the lynis: because this syllabe, *nocht*, nather scruing for culour nor fute, is bot a tayle to the lang fute preceding, and thairfore is repetit lykewayis in the nixt lyne, quhilk rymes vnto it, evin as it set doun in the first.

There is also a kynde of indifferent wordis, asweill as of syllabis, albeit few in nomber. The nature quhairof is, that gif ze place thame in the begynning of a lyne, they are shorter be a fute, nor they are, gif ze place thame hinmest in the lyne, as

*Sen patience I man haue perforce.
I live in hope v'with patience.*

Ze se there are bot aucht fete in ather of baith thir lynis abouic written. The cause quhairof is, that *patience*, in the first lyne, in respect it is in the beginning thairof, is bot of twa fete, and in the last lyne, of thrie, in respect

OF SCOTTIS POESIE.'

respect it is the hirnest word of that lyne. To knaw & discerne thir kynde of wordis frō vtheris, zour care man be the onely iudge, as of all the vther parts of *Flowring*, the verie twiche stanc quhairof is Musique.

I haue teachit zow now shortly the reulis of *Ryming*, *Fete*, and *Flowring*. There restis yet to teache zow the wordis, sentences, and phrasis necessair for a Poete to vse in his verse, quhilk I haue set doun in reulis, as efter folowis.

CHAP. III.

FIrst, that in quhatsumeuer ze put in verse, ze put in na wordis, ather *metri causa*, or zit, for filling furth the nomber of the fete, bot that they be all sa necessare, as ze sould be constrainit to vse thame, in cace ze were speiking the same purpose in prose. And thairfore that zour wordis appeare to haue cum out willingly, and by na- ture, and not to haue bene thrawin out constrainedly, be compulsioun.

That ze eschew to insert in zour verse, a lang rable of mennis names, or names of tounis, or sik vther names. Because it is hard to mak many lang names all placit together, to flow weill. Thairfore quhen that fallis out in zour purpose, ze sail ather put bot twa or thre of thame in euerie lyne, mixing vther wordis amang thame, or ellis specific bot twa or thre of thame at all, saying (*With the laif of that race*) or (*With the rest in thay pairtis*), or sic vther lyke wordis: as for example,

REVLIS AND CAVTELIS

*Out through his cairt, quhair Eous vvas eik
With other thre, quhilk Phaeton had dravvin.*

Ze sie thair is bot ane name there specifeit, to serue for
vther thrie of that sorte.

Ze man also take heid to frame zour wordis and sen-
tencis according to the mater: As in Flyting and Inue-
ctiues, zour wordis to be cuttit short, and hurland ouer
heuch. For thaisquhilkis are cuttit short, I meane be sic
wordis as thir,

*Iis neir cair
for*

*I fall newer cair, gif zour subiect
were of loue, or tragedies. Because in thaine zour words
man be drawin lang, quhilkis in Flyting man be short.*

Ze man lykewayis tak heid, that ze waill zour wor-
dis according to the purpose: As, in ane heich and learnit
purpose, to vse heich, pithie, and learnit wordis.

Gif zour purpose be of loue, To vse commoun lan-
guage, with some passionate wordis.

Gif zour purpose be of tragicall materis, To vse la-
mentable wordis, with some heich, as rauishit in admira-
tioun.

Gif zour purpose be of landwart effairis, To vse cor-
ruptit and vplandis wordis.

And finally, quhatsumeuer be zour subiect, to vse *va-
cabula artis*, quhairby ze may the mair viuelie represent
that persoun, quhais pairt ze paint out.

This is likewayis neidfull to be vslit in sentences, als
weill

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weill as in wordis. As gif zour subiect be heich and learnit, to vse learnit and infallible reasonis, prouin be necessities.

Gif zour subiect be of louie, To vse wilfull reasonis, proceeding rather from passioun, nor reasoun.

Gif zour subiect be of landwart effaris, To vse skender reasonis, mixt with grosse ignorance, nather keiping forme nor ordour. And sa furth, euer framing zour reasonis, according to the qualitie of zour subiect.

Let all zour verse be *Literall*, sa far as may be, quhat sumuer kynde they be of, bot speciallic *Tumbling* verse for flyting. Be *Literall* I meane, that the maist pairt of zour lyne, sall rynne vpon a letter, as this tumbling lyne rynnis vpon F.

Fetching fude for to feid it fast furth of the Farie.

Zeman obseruē that thir *Tumbling* verse flowis not on that fassoun, as vtheris dois. For all vtheris keipis the reule quhilk I gaue before, To wit, the first fute short the secound lang, and sa furth. Quhair as thir hes twa short, and ane lang through all the lyne, quhen they keip ordour: albeit the maist pairt of thame be out of ordour, & keipis na kynde nor reule of *Flowring*, & for that cause are callit *Tumbling* verse: except the short lynis of aucht in the hinder end of the verse, the quhilk flowis as vther verses dois, as ze will find in the hinder end of this buke, quhair I giue exemple of sindrie kyndis of versis.

M

REVLIS AND CAVTELIS
CHAP. IIII.

MARK also thrie speciall ornamentis to verse, quhilkis are, *Comparisons*, *Epithetis*, and *Proverbis*.

As for *Comparisons*, take heid that they be sa proper for the subiect, that nather they be ouer bas, gif your subiect be heich, for then sould your subiect disgrace your *Comparisoun*, nather your *Comparisoun* be heich quhen your subiect is basse, for then fall your *Comparisoun* disgrace your subiect. Bot let sic a mutuall correspondence and similitude be betwix the, as it may appeare to be a meit *Comparisoun* for sic a subiect, and sa fall they ilkane decore vther.

As for *Epithetis*, It is to descryue brieflie, *en passant*, the naturall of euerie thing ze speik of, be adding the proper adiectiue vnto it, quhairof there are twa fassons. The ane is, to descryue it, be making a corruptit worde, composit of twadyuers simple wordis, as

Apollo gyde-Sunne

The vther fasson, is, be *Circumlocution*, as

Apollo reular of the Sunne.

I esteme this last fassoun best, Because it expressis the authouris meaning als weill as the vther, and zit makis na corruptit wordis, as the vther dois.

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OF SCOTTIS POESIE.

As for the *Proverbis*, they man be proper for the subiect, to beautifie it, chosen in the same forme as the *Comparisoun*.

CHAP. V.

IT is also meit, for the better decoratioun of the verse to vse sumtyme the figure of Repetitioun, as

Quhylis ioy rang.

Quhylis noy rang. &c.

Zesic this word *quhylis* is repetit heir. This forme of repetitioun sometyme vsit, decoris the verse very mekle: zea quhen it cūmis to purpose, it will be cumly to repeate sic a word aucht or nyne tymes in a verse.

CHAP. VI.

ZE man also be warre with composing ony thing in the same maner, as hes bencower oft vsit of before. As in speciall, gif ze speik of loue, be warre ze descryue zour *Loues* makdome, or her fairnes. And siclyke that ze descryue not the morning, and rysing of the Sunne, in the Preface of zour verse: for thir thingis are sa oft and dyuerslie writtin vpon be Poëtis already, that gif ze do the lyke, it will appeare, ze bot imitate, and that it cummis not of zour awin *Inuention*, quhilk is ane of the cheif properteis of ane Poete.

M. ij.

REVLIS AND CAVTELIS

Thairfore gif zour subiect be to prayse zour *Lone*, ze fall rather prayse hir vther qualiteis, nor her fairnes, or hir shaip: or ellis ze fall speik some lytill thing of it, and syne say, that zour wittis are sa smal, and zour vfferāce sa barren, that ze can not discryue any part of hir worthelie: remitting alwayis to the Reider, to iudge of hir, in respect shō matches, or rather excellis *Venus*, or any woman, quhome to it fall please zow to compaire her. Bot gif zour subiect be sic, as ze man speik some thing of the morning, or Sunne rysing, tak heid, that quhat name ze giue to the Sunne, the Mone, or vther starris, the ane tyme, gif ze happen to wryte thairof another tyme, to change thair names. As gif ze call the Sunne *Titan*, at a tyme, to call him *Phæbus* or *Apollo* the vther tyme, and siclyke the Mone, and vther Planettis.

CHAP. V II.

BOT sen *Inuention*, is ane of the cheif vertewis in a Poete, it is best that ze inuent zour awin subiect, zour self, and not to compose of sene subiectis. Especially, translating any thing out of vther language, quhilk doing, ze not onely essay not zour awin ingyne of *Inuention*, bot be the same meanes, ze are bound, as to a staik, to follow that buikis phrasis, quhilk ze translate.

Ze man also be war of wryting any thing of materis of cōmoun weill, or vther sic graue sene subiectis(except *Meta-*

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OF SCOTTIS POESIE.

Metaphorically, of manifest treuth opinly knawin, zit
nochtwithstanding vsing it very seindil) because nocht
onely ze essay nocht zour awin *Inuentioun*, as I spak be-
fore, bot lykewayis they are to graue materis, for a Poet
to mell in. Bot because ze can not haue the *Inuentioun*
except it come of Nature, I remit it thairvnto, as the
cheif cause, not onely of *Inuentioun*, bot also of all the v-
ther pairtis of Poesie. For ait is onely bot ane help
and a remembraunce to Nature, as I shewe zow in the
Preface.

CHAP. VIII. tuiching the kyndis of versis,
mentionat in the Preface.

First, there is ryme quhilk seruis onely for lang histo-
reis, and zit are nocht verse. As for exemple,

*In Maii vrken that the blissefull Phæbus bricht,
The lamp of ioy, the heauens gemme of licht,
The goldin cairt, and the etheriali King,
With purpour face in Orient dois spring,
Maist angel-lyke ascending in his sphere,
And birds vwith all thair heauenlie voces cleare
Dois mak a suweit and heauinly harmony,
And fragrant flours dois spring up lustely:
Into this season suweitest of delyte,
To vvalk I had a lusty appetyte.*

And sa furth.

REVLIS AND CAVTELIS

¶ For the descriptioun of Heroique actis, Martiall and
knightly faittis of armes, vse this kynde of verse following,
callit *Heroicall*, As

Meik mundane mirrour, myrrie and modest,
Blyth, kynde, and courtes, comelic, clene, and chest,
To alle example for thy honestie,
As richest rose, or rubie, by the rest,
With gracis graue, and gesture maist digest,
Ay to thy honnour alvayis hauing eye.
Were fassons fliemde, they myght be found in the:
Of blisssings all, be blyth, thow v he is the best,
With euerie berne belouit for to be.

¶ For any heich & graue subiectis, specially drawin out
of learnt authouris, vse this kynde of verse following,
callit *Ballat Royal*, as

That nicht he ceist, and vvent to bed, bot greind
Zit fast for day, and thocht the nicht to lang:
At last Diana doun her head reclind,
Into the sea. Then Lucifer upsprang,
Auroras post, vvhorne sho did send amang
The leittie cludds, for to foretell ane hour,
Before sho stay her tears, quibilk Ouide sang
Fell for her loue, quibilk turrit in a flour.

¶ For tragical materis, complaintis, or testamentis, vse
this

OF SCOTTIS POESIE.

this kynde of verse following, callit *Troilus* verſe, as

To thee Echo, and thou v to me agane,
In the desert, amangs the voods and vvells,
Quhair destinie hes bound the to remane,
But company, vwithin the firths and fells,
Let vs complein, vwith vvoidfull zowts and zells,
A shaft, a shouter, that our harts hes slane:
To thee Echo, and thou v to me agane.

¶ For flyting, or Inuestiues, vſe this kynde of verſe following, callit *Rouncefaliſ* or *Tumbling* verſe.

In the hinder end of haruest vpon Alhaliovvene,
Quhen our gude nichtbors rydis (nou gif I reid richt)
Some bucklit on a benvvod, & some on a bene,
Ay trottand into troupes fra the tvylicht:
Some sadland a sho ape, all grathed into grene:
Some hotche and on a hemp stalk, hor and on a heicht.
The king of Fary vwith the Court of the Elf quene,
VVith many elrage Incubus rydand that nicht:
~There ane elf on ane ape ane unsell begat:
Befyde a pot baith auld and vvorne,
This bratshard in ane bus vvas borne:
They fand a monſter on the morne,
VVar facit nor a Cat.

¶ For compendious prayſing of any bukes, or the au-
thouris thairof, or ony argumentis of vther historeis,
quhair sindrie ſentences, and change of purpoſis are re-

REVLIS AND CAVTELIS

quyrit, vse Sonet verse, of fourtene lynes, and ten fete in euery lyne. The exenple quhairof, I neid nocht to shaw zow, in respect I haue set doun twa in the beginning of this treatise.

¶ In materis of loue, vse this kynde of verse, quhilk we call *Commonoun* verse, as

*Quhais ansuver made thame nocht saglaid
That they sould thus the victors be,
As euен the ansuver quhilk I haid
Did greatly ioy and confort me:
Quhen lo, this spak Apollo myne,
All that thou seikis, it shall be thyne.*

¶ Lyke verse of ten fete, as this foirsaid is of aucht, ze may vse lykewayis in loue materis: as also all kyndis of cuttit and brokin verse, quhairof new formes are daylie inuentit according to the Poëtis pleasour, as

*Quha vvald haue tyrde to heir that tone,
Quhilk birds corroborat ay abone
Through schouting of the Larkis?
They sprang sa heich into the skyes
Quhill Cupide vvalknis vwith the cryis
Of Naturis chapell Clarkis.
Then leauing all the Heauins aboue
He lichised on the eard.*

Lo!

OF SCOTTIS POESIE.

Lo! bovv that lytill God of loue.
Before me then appeard,
So myld lyke
And chyld lyke ^{With bovv thre quarters skant}
So moylie ^{He lukit lyke a Sant.}
And coylie

And sa furth.

¶ This onely kynde of brokin verse abonewrittin, man
of necessitie, in thir last short fete, as *so moylie and coylie*,
haue bot twa fete and a tayle to ilkane of thame, as ze sie,
to gar the culour and ryme be in the penult syllabe.

¶ Any of thir foirlaidis kyndes of ballatis of haill verse,
and not cuttit or brokin as this last is, gif ze lyke to put
ane owerword till ony of thame, as making the last lyne
of the first verse, to be the last lyne of euerie vther verse
in that ballat, will set weill for loue materis.

Bot besydis thir kyndes of brokin or cuttit verse, quhilks
ar inuentit daylie be Poetis, as I shewe before, there are
sindrie kyndes of haill verse, with all thair lynes alyke

lang, quhilk I haue heir omittit, and tane bot
onelie thir few kyndes abone specifeit
as the best, quhilk may be ap-
plyit to ony kynde of

subiect,

bot rather to thir, quhairof
I haue spokin before.

*

N



* THE CIIII. PSALME,
TRANSLATED OVT OF
TREMELLIVS.



PSALME CIII.

O Lord inspyre my spreit and pen, to praise
Thy Name, whose greatnes farr surpassis all:
That syne, I may thy gloir and honour blaise,
Whiche cleithis the ouer: about the lyke a wall
The light remainis. O thow, whose charge and call
Made Heauenis lyke courtenis for to spred abreid,
Who bowed the waters so, as serue they shall
For cristall syilring ouer thy houle to gleid.

Who walks vpon the wings of restles winde,
Who of the clouds his chariot made, cuen he,
Who in his presence still the spreits doeth find,
Ay ready to fulfill ilk iust decrie
Of his, whose seruants fyre and flammis they be.
Who set the earth on her fundations lure,
So as her brangling none shall euer see:
Who at thy charge the deip vpon her bure.

So, as the very tops of mountains hic
Be fluidis were onis overflowed at thy command,
Ay whill thy thundring voice sone made them flic
Ower hiddeous hills and howes, till noght but sand
Was left behind, syne with thy mightie hand
Thow limits made vnto the roring deip.
So shall she neuer droun againe the land,
But brek her wawes on rockis, her mairch to keip.

N. iii.

PSALME C IIII.

Thir are thy workis, who maid the strands to breid,
Syne rinn among the hills from fountains cleir,
Whairto wyld Asses oft dois rinn with speid,
With yther beasts to drinke. Hard by we heir
The chirping birds among the leauies, with beir
To sing, whil all the rocks about rebounde.
A woundrous worke, that thow, o Father deir,
Maks throtts so small yeild furth so great a sounde!

O thow who from thy palace oft lettis fall
(For to refresh the hills) thy blessed raine:
Who with thy works mainteins the earth and all:
Who maks to grow the herbs and grass to gaine.
The herbs for foode to man, grass dois remaine
For food to horse, and cattell of all kynde.
Thow causest them not pull at it in vaine,
But be thair foode. such is thy will and mynde.

Who dois reioyse the hart of man with wyne,
And who with oyle his face maks cleir and bright,
And who with foode his stomach strengthnes sync,
who nurishes the very treis aright.

The Cedars evin of Liban tale and wight
He planted hath, where birds do bigg their nest.
He maid the Firr treis of a woundrous hight,
Where Storks dois mak thair dwelling place, & rest.

Thow

PSALME CIIII.

Thow made the barren hills, wylde goats refuge.
Thow maid the rocks, a residence and rest
For *Alpin* ratts, where they doe liue and ludge.
Thow maid the *Moone*, her course, as thou thoght best.
Thow maid the *Sunne* in tyme go to, that leſt
He ſtill ſould ſhyne, then night ſould neuer come.
But thow in ordour all things heſ ſo drefſt,
Some beaſts for day, for night are alſo ſome.

For Lyons young at night beginnis to raire,
And from their dennis to craue of God ſome pray:
Then in the morning, gone is all their caire,
And homeward to their caues rinnis fast, fra day
Beginne to kythe, the Sunne dois ſo them fray.
Then man gois furth, fra tymethe Sunne dois ryſe,
And whill the euening he remanis away
At leſume labour, where his liuing lyſe.

How large and mightie are thy workis, ô Lord!
And with what wiſedome are they wrought, but faile.
The earths great fulnes, of thy gifts recorde
Dois beare: Heirof the Seas (which dyuers ſkaile
Of fish contenis) dois witnes beare: Ilk ſaile
Of dyuers ſhips vpon the ſwolling wawes
Dois teſtifie, as dois the monſtrous whaile,
Who frayis all fishes with his ravening lawes.

N iiii

PSALME CIIII.

All thir (ô Lord) yea all this woundrous heape
Of living things, in seasoun craues their fill
Of foode from thee. Thow giuing, Lord, they reapen:
Thy open hand with gude things fills them still
When so thow list: but contrar, when thow will
Withdraw thy face, then are they troubled fair,
Their breath by thee receavd, sone dois them kill:
Syne they returne into their ashes bair.

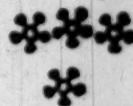
But notwithstanding, Father deare, in cace
Thow breath on them againe, then they reviue.
In short, thow dois, ô Lord, renewe the face
Of all the earth, and all that in it liue.
Therefore immortall praise to him we giue:
Let him reioyle into his works he maid,
Whose looke and touche, so hills and earth dois greiue,
As earth dois tremble, mountains reikis, afraid.

To *Iehoua* I all my lyfe shall sing,
To sound his Name I euer still shall cair:
It shall be sweet my thinking on that King:
In him I shall be glaid for euer mair:
O let the wicked be into no whair
In earth. O let the sinfull be destroyde.
Blesse him my soule who name *Iehoua* bair:
O blesse him now with notis that are enioyde.
Hallelu-iah.





ANE SCHORT POEME OF TYME.



AS I was pansing in a morning, aire,
And could not sleip, nor nawayis take me rest,
Furth for to walk, the morning was sa faire,
Athort the feilds, it seemed to me the best.
The *East* was cleare, whereby belyue I gest
That fyrie *Titan* cumming was in sight,
Obscuring chaſt *Diana* by his light.

VWho by his ryſing in the *Azure* skyes,
Did dewlie helle all thame on earth do dwell.
The balanic dew through birning drouth he dryis,
VVhich made the soile to sauour ſweit and ſmell,
By dewe that on the night before downe fell,
VVhich then was ſoukit by the *Delphienns* heit
Up in the aire : it was ſo light and weit.

Whose hie ascending in his purpour Sphere
Prouoked all from *Morpheus* to flee:
As beaſts to feid, and birds to ſing with beir,
Men to their labour, biffie as the Bee:
Yet ydle men deuyſing did I ſee,
How for to dryue the tyme that did them irk,
By ſindrie paſtymes, quhill that it grew mirk.

O. ii.

T Y M E.

Then wounded I to see them seik a wyle,
So willing lie the precious tyme to tyne:
And how they did them selfis so farr begyle,
To fashe of tyme, which of it selfe is fyne.
Fra tyme be past, to call it bakwart syne
Is bot in vaine: therefore men sould be warr,
To sleuth the tyme that flees fra them so farr.

For what hath man bot tyme into this lyfe,
Whiche giues him dayis his God aright to knaw:
Wherfore then sould we be at sic a stryfe,
So spedelie our selfis for to withdraw
Euin from the tyme, which is on nowayes flaw
To flie from vs, suppose we fled it noght?
More wylc we were, if we the tyme had soght.

Bot sen that tyme is sic a precious thing,
I wald we sould bestow it into that
Whiche were most pleasour to our heauenly King.
Flee ydilteth, which is the greatest lat.
Bot sen that death to all is destinat,
Let vs imploy that tyme that God hath send vs,
In doing weill, that good men may commend vs.

Hac quoq; perficiat, quod perficit omnia, Tempus.

FINIS.



A TABLE OF SOME OBSCVRE

WORDIS WITH THEIR SIG-

- nifications, after the ordour of
the Alphabet.

**

VVordis

Significations

Ammon

Iupiter Ammon.

Ande

A village besyde *Mantua*

where *Virgill* was borne.

Alexandria

A famous citie in *Egypt*,

where was the notable librarie gathered by *Ptolomeus*

Philadelphus.

B

Bethaniens secound liuing

Lazarus of *Bethania*, who

was recuied be Christ, reid *John* ii Chap.

C

Castalia

A well at the fute of the hill

Parnassus.

Celano

The cheif of the *Harpyes*, a

kynde of monsters with wingis and womens faces,
whome the Poets feynzeis to repreſent theiſ.

O. iiij

THE TABLE.

Cerberus of hell.	The thrie headed porter
Cimmerien night	Drevin from a kynd of peo- ple in the East, called Cimmerij , who are great theuins, and dwellis in dark caues, and therefore, sleeping in sinne, is called Cimmerien night .
Circular daunce	The round motionis of the Planets, and of their heauens, applyed to leuin sindrie metallis.
Clio	One of the Muses .
Cypris	The dwelling place of Ve- <i>nus, tearning continens pro contento.</i>
Cyprian torche	Lovis darte.

D

Delphien Songs	Poemes, and verses. draw- en from the Oracle of Apollo at Delphos .
Dira	Thre furies of hell, Alecto , Megera , and Tesiphone .
Dodon	A citie of the kingdome of Epirus , besydes the which, there was a wood and a Temple therein, consecrated to Jupiter .

E

Electre	A metal, fowre parts gold and fift part siluer.
Elise field	In Latin Campi Elisi , a joy full place in hell, where as the Poets feinzeis all the

THE TABLE.

happie spreits do remaine.	
<i>Esculape</i> god.	A mediciner, after made a
	G
<i>Greatest thunders</i>	<i>Jupiter</i> (as the Poets fein- zeis) had two thunders, whereof he sent the greatest vpon the Gyants, who contemned him.
	H
<i>Hermes</i>	An AEgyptiā Philosopher soone after the tyme of <i>Moyses</i> , confessed in his Dia- logues one onely God to be Creator of all things, and graunted the errours of his forefathers, who brought in the superstitious worshipping of Idōles.
<i>Hippolyte</i>	After his mēbers were drawin in sunder by fowre horses, <i>Esculapius</i> at <i>Neptuns</i> request, glewed them together, and reviued him.
	M
<i>Mansole tombe</i>	One of the seauin mira- cles which <i>Artemise</i> caused to be builded for her husband by <i>Timothenus</i> , <i>Briace</i> , <i>Scope</i> , and sindrie other workmen.
<i>Mein</i> <i>Sein</i>	A riuier in <i>Almanie</i> . A riuier in <i>Fraunce</i> .
	P

THE TABLE.

The Authors meaning by these two riuers is, that the originall of the *Almanis* came first out of *Fraunce*, cōtrarie to the vulgar opinion.

N

Nynevoiced mouth
whercof *Uranie* was one.

The nyne *Muses*,

P

Panchaia
wherein it is written, the *Phænix* burnis her selfe v-
pon *Apollo*s altar.

A towne in the East,

Pinde or *Pindus*
Apollo, and the *Muses*.

A hill consecrate to

Phæmonoe .
nounced the Oracles of *Apollo*.

A woman who pro-

S

Seamans starres

The scauen starres.

Semele
being deceiued by *Juno*, made *Jupiter* come to her in
his least thunder, which neuertheleſſ consumde her.

Syrenes
till gray birdes of *Canaria*.

Taken heir for lit-

T

Thais
Alexandria.

A common harlot of

Triton

THE TABLE.

Triton

a man.

Turnus sister,

Named *Inturna*, a goddesse of the water, who in the shape of her brothers waggonner led his chariot through the fields, ay till *Alecto* appeared vnto them in shape of an Howlet.

V

Vranie.

The heauenly Muse.

F I N I S.



34

Sonnet of the Authour.

THE facound Greke, *Demosthenes* by name,
His toungh was ones into his youth so slow,
As evin that airt, which floorish made his fame,
He scarce could name it for a tyme, ze know.
So of small seidis the *Liban Cedres* grow:
So of an Egg the *Egle* doeth proceid:
From fountains small great *Nilus* flood doeth flow:
Evin so of rawnis do mightie fishes breid.
Therefore, good Reader, when as thou dois reid
These my first fruictis, dispysē them not at all.
Who watts, bot these may able be indeid
Of fynre Poemis the beginning small.
Then, rather loauē my meaning and my panis,
Then lak my dull ingyne and blunted branis.

Rhero.
tique.

FINIS.

I HAVE INSERT FOR
THE FILLING OVT OF THIR
VACAND PAGE IS, THE VERIE
wordis of *Plinius* vpon the
Phœnix,
as followis.

*

C. PLINII
Nat. Hist. Lib. Decimi, Cap. 2.
De Phœnice.

* *

AETHIOPES atq; Indi, discolores maximè & inenarrabiles
ferunt aues, & ante omnes nobilem Arabia Phœnicē:
haud scio an fabulosè, vnum in toto orbe, nec vilum mag-
nopere. Aquilæ narratur magnitudine, auri fulgore circa
colla, cætera purpureus, cæruleam roseis caudam pennis
distinguentibus, cristis faciem, caputque plumeo apice
cohonestante. Primus atque diligentissimus togatorum
de eo prodidit Manilius, Senator ille, maximis nobilis
doctrinis doctore nullo: neminem extitisse qui viderit
vescentē: faciūm in Arabia Soli esse, viuere annis DCLX.
senescentem, casia thui isque surculis construere nidū, re-
plere odoribus, & superemori. Ex ossibus deinde & me-

P. ivi.

K120
7

medulliseius nasci primo ceu vermiculum: inde fieri pul-
lum: principioque iusta funeri priori reddere, & totum
deferre nidum prope Panchaim in Solis urbem, & in
ara ibi deponere. Cum huius alitis vita magni conuersi-
onem anni fieri prodit idem Manilius, iterumque signi-
ficationes tempestatum & siderum easdem reuerti. Hoc
autem circa meridiem incipere, quo die signum Arietis
Sol intrauerit. Et fuisse eius conuersionis annum prodete
se P. Licinio, M. Cornelio Consulibus. Cornelius Va-
lerianus Phoenicem deuolasse in AEgyptum tradit, Q.
Plautio, Sex. Papinio Coss. Allatus est & in urbem
Claudij Principis Censura, anno urbis D C C C, & in co-
mitio propositus, quod actis testatum est, sed quem falsum
esse nemo dubitaret.

FINIS.

I helped my self also in my Tragedie thairof, vwith
the Phænix of Lactantius Firmianus, vwith
Gesnerus de Auibus, & dyuers uthers,
bot I haue onely insert thir fore-
said vwords of Plinius,

Because I followv
him maist in my Tra-
gedie.

Farevveill.

(***)

